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LITERATURE.

Some Leading Principles of Political Economy Newly Expounded. By J. E. Cairnes, M.A., Emeritus Professor of Political Economy in University College. (London: Macmillan & Co, 1874.)

The English Peasantry. By George Heath. (London: F. Warne & Co., 1874.)

THESE are books of a very different order, the first being a profound theoretical treatise by a distinguished professor of political economy; the second a plain narrative of facts, appropriately dedicated to Canon Girdlestone, as being a chapter in the recent history of the English agricultural labourer. The most important subject, nevertheless, in Mr. Cairnes's book is wages; and Mr. Heath's narrative—which we cannot review separately, but which well deserves the attention of readers interested either in the agricultural labourer's question, or in the more general one of wages—is a repertory of material facts bearing on the subject in relation to some of the principal doctrines for which Mr. Cairnes contends.

Any new work by Mr. Cairnes would be sure of a *succès d'estime*, but the present is one the importance of which the economist most opposed to some of the principles it expounds with so much force, clearness, and skill, will not call in question. Its very importance, on the other hand, the high reputation of its author, and the consummate literary art it displays, impose on a reviewer the duty of sifting it closely. Mr. Cairnes himself sets an example of independent criticism. Thus he speaks of Mr. Mill's doctrine of cost of production as

"radically unsound, confounding things in their own nature distinct and even antithetical, setting in an essentially false light the incidents of production and exchange, and leading to practical errors of a serious kind, not merely with regard to value, but also with regard to some other important doctrines of the science."

As we, for our own part, think not a few of Mr. Cairnes's own positions, including his doctrine of the relation of cost of production to value, untenable, we must claim for ourselves like independence of judgment and freedom of speech. Mr. Cairnes, we may observe, over-estimates sometimes the amount of authority opposed to his own views, sometimes the amount on their side. In the case just referred to, he too hastily assumes that the view he dissents from has "the general concurrence of economists." The English market for economic publications is extremely limited, the works on the subject are necessarily few, but it is notorious that various doctrines to be met with in the English text-books have often been questioned in lectures, articles, discussions, and private conversation; and that the general concurrence even of English economists—of whom alone English economists

are apt to take account—ought not to be assumed from the agreement of those books. In the second place, the definition of cost of production which Mr. Cairnes puts forward, had, in fact, been set forth in very similar terms in a treatise which has gone through many editions. Mr. Senior, criticising Malthus for terming profit a part of the cost of production, says, "Want of the term abstinence has led Mr. Malthus into inaccuracy . . . an inaccuracy precisely similar to that committed by those who term wages a part of the cost of production." Mr. Senior proceeds to define cost of production as "the sum of the labour and abstinence necessary to production." Mr. Senior's analysis is, indeed, defective in omitting the element of risk, but that defect is beside the question, and in respect to it we may observe that Mr. Cairnes too narrowly limits it, in the case of the labourer, to risk to mental and bodily faculties. The labourer often shares the pecuniary risks of the capitalist's enterprise; he runs the risk of being thrown out of work and wages at a critical time; and this is only one of a number of facts inconsistent with the assumption of an equality of wages, even within the limits which Mr. Cairnes sets to it.

The doctrine of cost of production involves the whole theory of wages and profit; and an immense superstructure which has been built on what Mr. Cairnes would call the orthodox theory, must stand or fall with that theory. The subject may be conveniently approached by an examination of the doctrine of "the Wages Fund" and an "average rate of wages," for which Mr. Cairnes contends. An instance has just been noticed of an overestimate, on his part, of the amount of difference between his own views and those of other economists: we here meet with one of an overestimate of the amount of support from authority which Mr. Cairnes is entitled to claim for his own view. He terms his own side of the question with respect to the Wages Fund, "the orthodox side." If orthodoxy in economics is to be determined by authority, some weight surely is to be attached to continental authority. And in Germany, as Dr. Gustav Cohn has lately pointed out, the doctrine of a Wages Fund was controverted more than fifty years ago, and has been repeatedly assailed since; nor does it now form, we believe we may affirm, an article of the creed of any scientific school of German economists. It is condemned by M. Emile de Laveleye, of Belgium, to whom Mr. Cairnes will not deny a place in the front rank of European economists. French economists have never been polled on the question, but it is at least certain that the notion that there is an aggregate national wages fund, the proportion of which to the entire number of labourers determines the general rate of wages, is incompatible with the exposition which M. Léonce de Lavegny—who, it is needless to say, combines the highest theoretical attainments with the most extensive knowledge of the actual economic phenomena of his own country—has given of the diversity of the rates of wages and the causes determining them, in different parts of France. In England the doctrine was, after mature consideration, abandoned by Mr. Mill; it has been vigor-

ously assailed by Mr. Thornton; it is repudiated by Mr. Jevons; and among other economists in this country, the present reviewer long ago combated it. On the whole, we believe that the chief weight of European authority is against the doctrine, and that it is a heresy, if that constitutes one. But the terms orthodoxy and heresy are singularly inappropriate in philosophical discussions. What philosophy seeks is reason and truth, not authority; and we will briefly state some of the grounds of reason and fact on which we take our stand in maintaining that an aggregate wages fund and an average rate of wages are mere fictions—fictions which have done much harm, both theoretically and practically, by hiding the real rates of wages, the real causes which govern them, and the real sources from which wages proceed. In every country in Europe, the rates of wages even in the same occupation vary from place to place; in other words, the same amount of labour and sacrifice of the same kind is differently remunerated in different localities. The Devonshire, Somersetshire or Dorsetshire labourer has been earning for the last fifty years less than half what the same man might have earned in Northumberland; the pay of Belgian farm labour is three times higher in the valley of the Meuse than in the Campine, and twice as high as in Flanders; it varies, likewise, prodigiously in Germany, even in adjoining districts. Whence these diversities? The reason, obviously, is that distinct and dissimilar conditions determine wages in different parts of each country. Mr. Cairnes urges:—

"A rise of wages, let us suppose, occurs in the coal trade—does any one suppose that this could continue without affecting wages, not merely in other mining industries in full competition with coal mining, but in industries the most remote from coal mining, industries alike higher and lower in the industrial scale? Most undoubtedly it could not."

We answer, most undoubtedly it could, and actually did. Wages rose continuously for a century in mining and other industries in some counties in England, while in others the earnings of the agricultural labourer remained stationary throughout the whole period. In 1850, Mr. Caird found the rate of agricultural wages in one northern parish 16s. a week, in another parish in the south only 6s. a week. In the former parish, mines and manufactures competed with farming for labour; in the latter, the one employer was a farmer holding 5,000 acres. Would it be reasonable to say there was an average rate in the two parishes of 11s. a week, resulting from the ratio of the aggregate wages fund to the number of labourers in both? What share had the southern labourer in the funds from which his fellow in the north earned his 16s. a week? In like manner, the funds expended in wages in the Rhine Province no more govern the price of labour in Pomerania and Posen than in Cornwall or Kent. A farm labourer in Flanders earns 1 fr. 50 c. a day, an inferior labourer in another part of Belgium may earn 3 fr. 50 c. and upwards. Why? Because the Fleming no more shares in the funds which afford such high wages around Charleroi and Liège, than a provin-

cial journalist does in the funds from which the writers of the *Times* are remunerated. Moreover, to speak of the ratio of an aggregate wages fund to the number of labourers as determining wages in each country surely implies that the sum expendible in wages at any given time is a fixed quantity; and, accordingly, M. de Laveleye remarks that one of many facts which give a practical refutation to the doctrine is that wages have recently risen in some parts of Belgium at the expense of rent. The demand for labour in manufactures on the one hand, and the novel attitude of the Belgian farm labourer on the other, have compelled farmers in certain districts to raise wages to a point at which farming has become a losing business; rents, therefore, are falling. It was seriously urged against trade-unions and combinations of labourers in England a few years ago by some advocates of the doctrine of the wages fund, that wages could not be raised by combination in one trade or locality without a proportionate fall of wages elsewhere, there being only a certain aggregate fund to be distributed. Mr. Heath's statement, however, is incontrovertible that the mere report of the formation of an agricultural labourers' union in Warwickshire raised wages immediately in several neighbouring counties, and it will hardly be contended that there was a corresponding fall in other counties.

It is evident that the result has been mistaken for the cause; that the aggregate amount of wages is nothing but the sum of the particular amounts in all particular cases taken together; and that it would be as rational to say that the income of each individual in the United Kingdom depends on the proportion of the total national income to the number of individuals, as to say that the wages of each labourer in every place and in every occupation depend on the ratio of the sum total of wages to the total number of labourers. The statistician may find some interest in calculating the average rate resulting from the ratio of the aggregate amount of wages, if it could be ascertained, to the number of labourers in the kingdom; but the economist deludes himself and misleads others by representing this as the problem of wages. If farm wages be 10s. a week in Devonshire and 20s. in Northumberland, to say that the average rate is 15s. a week is to speak of a rate which has no existence in either, and to withdraw attention from the causes of the real rates in both. In every country, instead of an average or common rate of wages, there is a great number of different rates, and the real problem is, what are the causes which produce these different rates? Hence we are driven to conclude that Mr. Cairnes is not "justified," to use his own words, "in generalising the various facts of wages into a single conception, and in discussing 'general' or 'average' wages."

At this point we are brought to enquire whether there is any better reason for maintaining the existence of an average rate of profit. The doctrine of average profit is closely connected in Mr. Cairnes's exposition with that of average wages. While contending, erroneously as we have shown, for an equality of wages throughout all similar

occupations in the same country, he admits that working classes of very different degrees of skill do not compete, and may be paid at different rates for equal sacrifice and exertion. But, he adds,

"though labourers in certain departments of industry are practically cut off from competition with labourers in other departments, the competition of capitalists is effective over the whole field. The communication between the different sections of industrial life, which is not kept open by the movements of labour, is effectually maintained by the action of capital constantly moving towards the more profitable employments. In this way our entire industrial organisation becomes a connected system, any change occurring in any part of which will extend itself to others, and entail complementary changes."

In Mr. Cairnes's view, if wages were below par in any trade or locality, although the labourers there might not be able to migrate, a movement of capital seeking cheap labour would at once set in. It might almost be a sufficient refutation of this doctrine, in relation both to wages and to profit, to point out that no migration of capital has equalised the wages of agricultural labourers in any country in Europe. What migration there has been—and it has been altogether inadequate to produce an approach to equality of wages—has been almost altogether a migration of labour. Moreover, if in a single occupation so simple as that of agricultural labour there has been no such effective competition as Mr. Cairnes assumes, there seems some antecedent reason for suspecting error in the assumption of such an effective competition among capitalists as to equalise the rates of profit in all the countless employments of capital. There is something like a circular movement in Mr. Cairnes's reasoning on this subject. He first argues:—

"Each competitor, aiming at the largest reward in return for his sacrifices, will be drawn towards the occupations which happen at the time to be the best remunerated; while he will equally be repelled from those in which the remuneration is below the actual level. The supply of products proceeding from the better paid employments will thus be increased, and that from the less remunerative reduced, until supply, acting on price, corrects the inequality, and brings remuneration into proportion with the sacrifices undergone."

But afterwards we read:—

"The one and sufficient test of the existence of an effective industrial competition, is the correspondence of remuneration with the sacrifices undergone—a substantial equality, that is to say, making allowance for the different circumstances of different industries, of profits and wages. Such a test applied to domestic transactions shows the existence of a very large amount of effective industrial competition throughout the various industries carried on within the limits of a single country. The competition of different capitals within such limits may be said to be universally effective."

Is not this very like arguing that the equality of profits is proved by the fact that there is an effective competition of capital, and that the equality of profits proves the fact of an effective competition? Nor is this the only seeming flaw in Mr. Cairnes's logic. In proof of the equalisation of profits, he urges that capital deserts or avoids occupations which are known to be comparatively unremunerative; while if large profits are known to be realised in any in-

vestment, there is a flow of capital towards it. Hence it is inferred that capital finds it level like water. But surely the movement of capital from losing to highly profitable trades proves only a great inequality of profits. There is, in like manner, a considerable emigration of labourers from Europe to America: does that prove that wages are equalised over the two continents? Let Mr. Cairnes himself answer:—

"Great as has been the emigration from Europe to the United States, it may be doubted if any appreciable effect has been produced on the rates of wages in the latter country. Throughout the Union, wages remain in all occupations very considerably higher than in the corresponding occupations in this country."

Elsewhere he estimates American wages at twice the English, and four times the German rate. The emigration of labour, thus, is neither sign nor cause of an equality of wages; it is, on the contrary, consequence and proof of their inequality; and the migration of capital from losing or unprofitable to promising businesses, in like manner, only lands those who refer it in evidence of the equalisation of profits in an *ignoratio elenchi*. Mr. Cairnes, it seems clear, has not taken into consideration the main objections to the doctrine he espouses. The only objections he notices are the difficulty of transferring buildings, plant, and material from one use to another, and of learning a new branch of business. The fact is, that there are, in the first place, no means whatever of knowing the profits and prospects of all the occupations and investments of capital. No capitalist knows so much as the names, or even the number of the trades in the London Directory, only a part of the trades of the kingdom; and their number and names are yearly increasing. If, again, there were any statistics showing the actual gains of the different trades, they would show that the profits of the individual members of each trade vary immensely.

The business of insurance used to be thought one in which there was a certain general rate of profit. But a few years ago the subject was investigated by Mr. Black, and also in the *Economist*, and the result arrived at was the fact of "extremes of success and disaster in the experience of companies still underwriting." Mr. Cairnes's reasoning assumes that the profits of every business are well known; but as they vary greatly with different companies and different individuals, the assumption implies that individual profits are known. If they were, it would be seen that to speak of the average profits, even of a single business, is idle. Moreover, even if the past profits of every individual in every trade were known, it would be a serious error on the part of capitalists, though one which they often commit, to judge of the future from the past. The changes in production and the conditions of trades, in international competition, and in prices, the effects of speculation, fluctuations of credit, and commercial crises, of scarce and abundant seasons, wars and other political events, new discoveries and inventions, would upset all these calculations. Curiously enough, Mr. Cairnes himself has maintained that the new gold mines introduced a disturbing element which

will probably affect profits for thirty or forty years. Ricardo admitted that at the very time he was building a pile of theory on the assumption of an equality of profits, the return of peace had made them in fact very unequal. Had he looked back for a quarter of a century, he would have found abundant proof that they had been very unequal throughout the long war; and had he been able to foresee the immediate future, he would have learned from the crisis of 1825, which Mr. Tooke so well described, how blindly mercantile men often reason, how far they are from possessing the knowledge, sagacity and prescience his theory supposed. So far, indeed, are men in business from knowing the conditions on which future prices and profits depend, that they are often ignorant, after the event, of the causes of their own past profits and losses. Not a single farmer or corn merchant, no witness whatever before the parliamentary committees save himself, Mr. Tooke states, dreamt of referring the high prices of corn in the early part of this century to the succession of bad harvests. It is not even true that losing businesses are always abandoned. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and it is an old saying that all the mines in Cornwall are worked at a loss—that is to say, the average result is a balance on the wrong side. Mr. Mill, indeed, has reduced the supposed equality to one not of actual profits, but of expectations of profit. There is not, however, even this: no capitalist ever attempts to survey the whole field, or to estimate the probable relative gains of every investment.

The doctrine of average profit, like that of average wages, thus falls to the ground, and with it falls the superstructure built on it, including Mr. Cairnes's doctrine of value. "The indispensable condition," he states, "to the action of cost of production is the existence of an effective competition amongst those engaged in industrial pursuits"—that is to say, a competition which equalises profits; and we have seen that no such competition is possible. If we are, in economic theory, to exhaust space and time of their contents, and to suppose a vacuum in which no obstacles to the movements of labour and capital in pursuit of gain exist within the limits of each country, so that wages and profits are equalised, why not apply the same supposition to international trade and international values? We might, in like manner, theorise about wages, profit, prices, and rent at the bottom of the ocean on the supposition of the absence of water. The truth is—and it is a truth which Mr. Cairnes has missed, though he has made an important step towards it—that the principle regulating domestic as well as international values is not cost of production, but "the equation of demand," or "demand and supply;" though the formula is one which requires much interpretation, and by no means contains in its very terms the full explanation of values and prices which a good many people suppose.

But more than the superstructure of economic theory built on the doctrine of cost of production falls to the ground along with it. The method of deduction from assumption, conjecture, and premature generalisation falls too. Mr.

Cairnes speaks in his preface of certain "assumptions respecting human character and the physical conditions of external nature," as constituting "the ultimate premisses of economic science;" and of "the method of combined deduction and verification by comparison with facts," as "the only fruitful or, indeed, possible method of economic inquiry." But is a theorist likely to be very searching in his verification of assumptions on which he has built his whole science and his own reputation? Have the economists of the deductive school ever verified their doctrines respecting the equality of profits and of wages? If they are at liberty to set aside as "disturbing causes," all the obstacles to the pursuit of gain resulting from other principles of human nature, and from external circumstances, and to theorise respecting wages, profits, and prices *in vacuo*, what right have they to assume the existence of the love of gain itself in such an imaginary world? The only facts in human nature, we may add, which abstract political economy takes account of are far indeed from being ultimate facts, or from being susceptible of treatment in economic reasoning as simple, universal, and invariable principles. Self-interest and the desire of wealth are both names for a multitude of different passions, ideas, and aims, varying in different ages and countries, and with different classes and different individuals; and each having its own peculiar effects on the nature, production, and distribution of wealth.

The "principle of population," again, so far from being an ultimate fact in human nature from which general conclusions can be drawn, is a highly artificial and widely varying principle, inseparably interwoven with religious and moral ideas and historical causes. Its force in Bengal is the result mainly of a particular superstition; and, owing to causes which have never been probed to the bottom, its force varies greatly not only in neighbouring countries like England and France, but in different parts of the same country, Normandy and Brittany for example.

Our limits prevent our even alluding to many special questions of great interest raised by Mr. Cairnes, but we will take two or three examples from the chapter "On some Derivative Laws of Value." In the early stages of a nation's growth, tillage for the production of corn steadily gains ground on pasture; but Mr. Cairnes treats it as a "law of industrial progress" that in the later stages this process is reversed, and pasture constantly encroaches on tillage. We think we find here an instance of the economic error resulting from inattention to both continental phenomena and continental literature. Save in exceptional situations, the increasing supply of meat in Europe is obtained by stall feeding and tillage, not by the extension of pasture. As Professor Nasse states, the aridity of the climate and the character of the soil preclude pasture throughout the greater part of Germany. M. de Laveleye maintains that, by means of stall-feeding, Flanders, in spite of the poverty of its soil, supports more cattle to the acre than England. It is noticeable that both these distinguished economists point to one condition

unnoticed by Mr. Cairnes, which may in future, to some extent, counteract the causes hitherto operating so decisively in favour of tillage for the production of meat over most of the continent—namely, the rise in the price of labour. How far mechanical art, on the other hand, may neutralise this condition it is useless here to enquire; but M. de Laveleye makes the important observation, that even where a country like England, with exceptional advantages for pasture, imports a great part of its corn, the importing and exporting countries become virtually one economic region in which tillage is constantly advancing. Hence an enormous extension of tillage in the United States, for the supply both of its own population and that of Europe, is as certain as any fact in the economic future can be. Connected with the foregoing question is one respecting the price of corn, which, according to Mr. Cairnes, "at length, in the progress of society, reaches a point beyond which (unless so far as it is affected by changes in the value of money) it manifests no tendency to advance further." This point, in Mr. Cairnes's judgment, was already reached in England three centuries ago, if not, as he has no doubt, some centuries earlier; the reason he assigns being that, after a certain point, an advance in the price of corn reacts on population and checks the demand. There are, however, several methods by which a nation may meet an advancing cost of corn—by a diminished consumption of animal food, for instance, or a diminished cost of manufactures. As a matter of fact, the labouring population of England has much diminished its use of animal food since the fifteenth century, while it clothes itself cheaper. The enormous prices of corn towards the close of the last, and during the early part of the present century, again, show how an advance in the price of bread may be met by privation. The whole population of the United States is now a meat-consuming one; but if Macaulay's prediction be fulfilled, at no very distant future an increased cost of corn will be met by relinquishing meat; and a part of the nation may possibly even fall back on potatoes, or some other cheap vegetable; so that the future price of corn can only be matter of speculation. The price of timber, it may be observed, has followed a different course on the Continent from that which Mr. Cairnes lays down for it. Its value, he says, "rises in general slowly, but never attains a very great elevation, reckoning from its height at starting." Professor Rau, however, has given the following prices of a given measure of the same wood in Württemberg, in florins and kreuzers:—1690–1730, 57 kr.; 1748–1780, 2 fl. 14 kr.; 1790–1830, 8 fl. 22 kr. And Dr. Engel's statistics show that the price of wood in another part of Germany nearly quadrupled itself between 1830 and 1865.

While we dissent altogether from most of the fundamental propositions of Mr. Cairnes's book, from the economic method it follows, and from not a few of its inferences and speculations, we see much to admire in it. It abounds in valuable criticisms, such as that of Mr. Brassey's proposition that dear labour is the great obstacle to British trade, and of the argument of American protec-

tionists that the States with their high-priced labour cannot compete with the cheap labour of Europe.

T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE.

Fifty Protestant Ballads. By M. F. Tupper. (London: W. Ridgway, 1874.)

HISTORY relates that an American carter, celebrated even in America for his accomplished command of foul language, was one day driving a cart loaded with apples up a hill, when the back-board broke, and the apples rolled out. His friends gathered round, expecting to pass some pleasant and instructive moments. But the carter went silently to work at picking up the fruit. "I am not equal," he said, "to this occasion." In presence of Mr. Tupper's *Protestant Ballads* we too feel unequal to the occasion. Where is one to begin, and how are such golden opportunities to be employed? If we had kept pace with the Protestant literature of the day, and steadily read the *Rock*, that earnest journal which is opposed to everything beginning with an R, we should not now be so overcome with pleasure and amazement. We should have known that the Protestant heart of England still beat, and that Mr. Tupper still was the Tyrtæus of Evangelical religion. We may even, without profanity, call him the inspired bard, for, by his own confession, he seems to write in a sort of trance. "I have here printed," he says, "only fifty of my ballads, though conscious of having written many more." There is a dreamy vagueness about this expression, as if ballads flowed from Mr. Tupper's pen automatically, as twaddle does from that of a writing medium. Indeed, perhaps the only excuse for Mr. Tupper's unchristian hatred of a large section of his "dear old Church of England," and for his reckless grammar, is to be found in the hypothesis that he is only the medium of a few of the feeble spirits we hear so much about just now.

It would be absurd to criticise Mr. Tupper as if his ballads had literary merit or theological value. They are merely another proof of how curiously these Christians dissemble their love. The following are some of the epithets Mr. Tupper showers on his clerical opponents: "Antichrists," "tainted with Rinderpest," "bandits of the Babylonish Beast," "epicene Iscariots," "spawn of the Serpent." It is sad to think of the poor Beast, who has been so dearly loved by, and so often useful to, Evangelical preachers, suffering from Rinderpest in his old age. Epicene Iscariots too, are disagreeable people to have among us, and it will be a relief when they retire to

"Jerusalem the Golden,
Just such an Eden some Pacha might paint."

Whether pachas, as a rule, are painters—whether, if they were, they would choose Eden for a subject—what possible connexion there may be between Eden and Jerusalem, whether the Golden or not—are questions which people who read Mr. Tupper may perhaps be able to answer.

Mr. Tupper's charity may be appreciated after reading this quotation from the "Ritualist Directorium":—

"Your morals: no, you must not be found out. In things lay fools may make a fuss about. And there's perpetual celebration too, Perpetual license to begin anew."

It is difficult and painful for educated men and women to believe that this sort of stuff is read and believed in. Mr. Tupper's ballads are a war-cry from an obscure section of the fighters in the Armageddon of the *odium theologicum*. From this point of view there is something pathetic about the Protestant Ballads. They are the last utterances of Giant Protestant, that poor old warrior, who was so useful in his time, and who really should think of retiring into his cave, and setting a peaceful example to his old enemy, Giant Pope. A. LANG.

Calendar of State Papers and Manuscripts relating to English Affairs existing in the Archives and Collections of Venice, and in other Libraries of Northern Italy. Vol. V. 1534-1554. Edited by Rawdon Brown. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. (London: Longmans & Co. and Trübner & Co., Paternoster Row. Oxford and London: Parker & Co. Cambridge and London: Macmillan & Co. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. Dublin: A. Thom. 1873.)

(First Notice.)

MR. RAWDON BROWN'S fifth volume is more difficult to treat in a short article than the preceding, if only on the ground that it runs over a period of time nearly three times as long, beginning with the concluding years of the reign of Henry VIII., and ending with the first and second year of Philip and Mary, as the period from July 25, 1554, to July 25, 1555, is statutorily called. All through the twenty years Venice maintains the character for diplomatic caution that the Republic earned by her conduct in the matter of the divorce from Catharine of Aragon. It was no doubt sufficiently embarrassing to steer a clear course through all the political and religious changes which characterise the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, but Venice managed to pursue her course without offending either the Defender of the Faith, or the Emperor, or the Most Christian King.

However, the object of the publications in this series of volumes, issued under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, is not to illustrate the history of Venice or of any other foreign State, but to furnish supplementary matter to confirm, or, if need be, to correct, the impressions of English history derived from a study of such records as have been already published from home sources; and the present volume is quite as valuable in this respect as any that have preceded it.

We take as our first instance of the dovetailing of these Venetian documents into previously known papers which supply us with imperfect information on the subject of which they treat, the letters which allude to the hopes entertained at the commencement of Edward's reign of bringing back England to the Roman obedience. No notice has been taken of the part which Pole took in this matter by any of his biographers, excepting

a slight allusion to it by the Dean of Chichester, there not having been made public any authentic contemporary documents on the subject, excepting one letter in Querini's Collection.

It appears from Mr. Turnbull's foreign Calendar of this reign, that Edmund Harvel wrote to the Protector from Venice as early as March 7, cautioning him as to the project in which the Pope designed to make use of Pole. Harvel had lost no time, for only just two days before, as we learn from the Venetian Calendar, the Chiefs of the Ten wrote to their ambassador at Rome, saying that they will use their good offices as regards the Pope's request about the affairs of England. On June 27 following, the Chiefs of the Ten undertook that their ambassador in England should give the Court of Rome notice of the state of affairs in that country, with a view to its resuming its obedience to the Apostolic See. The hopelessness of effecting anything in this direction seems to have caused the matter to drop till the more favourable opportunity of the imposition of the new Book of Common Prayer in 1549 caused a renewal of the attempt. The Cardinal's long absence from his native country rendered him ignorant of the state of feeling amongst the people, who were willing enough to keep the old religion if only they could do so without submitting again to Papal domination. But the gradual introduction of Protestantism, by first altering the Missal in 1548, and now proposing a new worship to supersede the daily Mass, offered an opportunity which was not to be neglected. How far Pole was cognisant of the probability or instrumental towards the fact of the rising of the commons in 1549, does not appear. One of their stipulations was that the Cardinal should be restored to his native country, and should be placed on the Privy Council. But the two documents in our own Record Office which refer to this attempt are scarcely intelligible without the assistance we now derive from the Venetian Calendar. One of these papers has never been printed. The other, which is dated from Rome, April 6, 1549, appears in Tytler's *England under the Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary*. Tytler entirely mistook the nature of this communication, imagining it to refer to some arrangement to be made between the French king and the Emperor. It was, in fact, a letter commending to the Earl of Warwick the case of the reconciliation of England to Rome, about which he says he had sent two messengers to the Protector. Now Mr. Rawdon Brown has printed a letter from Pole to the Papal Nuncio in France, apparently alluding to this mission, which he conjecturally dates May 6. The probability seems to be that it should be dated a month earlier—our own Record Office supplies the information that Throgmorton and Holland were at Antwerp May 16, and on their way to Louvain—unless indeed this letter refers to a second mission a month later than the first. Pole certainly wrote again to the Protector on May 6, as appears by Somerset's answer to him, dated June 4, and alludes to a previous letter, which was, no doubt, an answer to this missive of April 6. The letter of June 4 is the unpublished one alluded to above, and is in itself interesting

as it seems to show that Somerset either really believed, or wished Pole to think he believed, that Pole might still be reclaimed. With this letter there was transmitted a copy of the newly-published Prayer Book, and the Protector writes as if he thought there was really a chance of inducing Pole to come home and conform to the new religion.

And here we light upon one of the most interesting documents in the whole volume. It is the reply of Pole to Somerset, dated September 7, and occupying twenty-six pages of the book. But, before attempting to give an account of this valuable paper, we may be permitted to express our regret at the brief notices which have been made in the Domestic Papers of the reigns of Edward and Mary. The ability with which this volume has been got up is unquestioned, but its contents present in one respect a marked contrast to the other volumes of Calendars in this series. The entries are, in fact, nothing more than a catalogue of dates and names of correspondents, with just the addition of two or three lines, hardly sufficient in some cases to identify the document. In the present instance Mr. Rawdon Brown is correct in saying that this letter is a reply to that of June 4, 1549, in our Record Office. But the entry in Mr. Lemon's volume would not enable any one to speak positively on this point. It is only after reading through Somerset's to Pole that we can assert certainly that it is so, the answer dealing with Somerset's allegations *seriatim*.

Like many of Pole's other letters, it is very long-winded, and we shall only trouble ourselves with the facts which he mentions. And first he contrasts Somerset's proud rejection of his offers of mediation with the gentle mode in which Henry VIII. had received his expression of disapproval of the divorce when tendered to him by his brother, Lord Montague. He then expresses the hope that the king will follow his father's example, and repair the injuries which had already been done to Pole; and here he reminds him of the mode in which in his first Parliament Henry VIII. had restored to Pole's mother, the Countess of Salisbury, the greater part of her revenues, on condition that she would signify her pardon for the death of her brother, the Earl of Warwick, who had been murdered by Henry VII., that king having on his deathbed repented of this and other acts of injustice, and commanding his son to do so. In a subsequent part of the letter Pole recurs to this subject, and mentions the grief of Catharine of Aragon at the recollection of the part her father Ferdinand had taken in Warwick's death by suggesting to Henry VII. that he did not like to give his daughter to a king who was not secure on his throne. He then recalls to Somerset's recollection how Henry VIII. had not shrunk from sending Dr. Wotton to Liège to confer with Pole, in order to bring him round to his side. It is plain from the Cardinal's whole tone and manner that he reckons on the disturbances at home as being likely to be taken advantage of by the Emperor to interfere with English affairs, but the writer solemnly avers that he had never in any way instigated the Emperor to invade England.

And here we must leave this interesting document in order to say a few words on this last assertion. We feel sure it may be implicitly relied on, and are glad to be able to quote the opinion of Mr. Rawdon Brown as to the character of Cardinal Pole. He says:—

"From the day Reginald Pole entered himself as a student at Padua in 1521, until his final departure from the Lake of Garda towards England in 1553, my belief is that he did more to maintain the repute of his country for high breeding, scholarship, integrity, and consistency than any other Englishman I ever heard of" (p. xi.).

This is the opinion which seems, as it were, extorted from the editor of the Venetian documents, and we cannot regret its appearance, however contrary it may seem to Lord Romilly's instructions to the editors of Calendars to confine their remarks to an explanation of their papers. Some such endorsement of the character given of him by an able diplomatist, his countryman and contemporary, who knew him well, was quite necessary. Sir John Mason says there was not a better English heart than Pole's.

It may not be known to many of our readers that a communication was made by the late Mr. Bergenroth on the documents relating to Cardinal Pole at Simancas, and was printed as an appendix to the Deputy Keeper's *Report on the Venetian Archives*, published in 1865. In the despatch alluded to by Mr. Bergenroth it is asserted that Pole made the acquaintance of Martin de Zornoza, the Spanish consul at Venice, and confided to him a plan which the consul represented to the Emperor as having for its object to dethrone Henry and place England at the mercy of the Emperor. We have always entertained a suspicion of the correctness of this description, knowing as we did Mr. Bergenroth's credulity and prejudices. It may be observed, however, that he writes from memory, and without having the ciphered despatch before him; and he himself admits that Pole is more guarded in his expressions than Zornoza. We need not insist on the fact that no such name as Zornoza appears in any of the archives at Venice. There is no necessity for proving that the letter is a forgery. We will take it for granted that it exists, and has perhaps been described correctly, or perhaps with some exaggeration, by its decipherers. The solution of Pole's conduct is perfectly easy, and perfectly consistent with the character for integrity which we have always believed in, and which Mr. Rawdon Brown so much insists on. Pole's friend, Contarini, informs the emperor on the contrary that "it is the intention of Pole to go to England, and to convert the king by peaceful means to the true religion." This project belongs to the years 1534 and 1535, but in the year 1537 an attempt was made to send Pole as papal legate to England, and Mr. Bergenroth referring to papers at Simancas, accuses the Pope Paul III. of deliberately intending to marry Pole to the Princess Mary, and to place them on the throne of England instead of Henry VIII., the Cardinal's hat being a mere blind to put people off their guard. We need not examine this charge as it affects the Pope. It

is sufficient that the Simancas papers do not appear to produce a particle of evidence of Pole's complicity with any such attempt. There is nothing whatever to show that Pole was not thoroughly English at heart, and intensely desirous to reduce England, by fair means if he could, to the obedience of the Apostolic See. And this is exactly the point which Pole proceeds to urge in the sequel of this letter to Somerset. He warns Somerset of what the Emperor might be induced to do, but distinctly denies the charge which Somerset had insinuated that he had ever solicited or instigated Charles to attack England. The papers at Simancas which refer to this transaction must be highly interesting. We fear, at the present rate of advance of the Spanish Calendars, we shall have to wait many years before they are available. Meanwhile, we suspend our judgment as to the allegation of Mr. Bergenroth, that among the other letters at Simancas there is one, a holograph, in which Pole offers himself as a husband to the Princess Mary.

NICHOLAS POOCK.

South by West, or Winter in the Rocky Mountains and Spring in Mexico. Edited, with a Preface, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, F.L.S., F.G.S., Canon of Westminster. (W. Isbister & Co., 1874.)

THE authoress of this pleasant book has occupied fresh ground in her account of a new country on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. Men have written about the Far West enough and more than enough; but no English lady, as far as I know, has given any description of it. A woman's point of view is so distinct: she sees what men see in such a different light, and observes and notes so many things which men overlook, that her description forms a necessary supplement, possessing all the attractions of novelty. And Mexico, too, where the writer sought fresh adventures after her winter in the Rocky Mountains, has been so little visited or written about since the close of the short episode of the Imperial tragedy, that the subject has regained its interest, and the solid information which the writer imparts with so little tediousness is really well-timed and acceptable. One great charm of the book is the simple and natural style in which it is written, and the genuine freshness and zest with which the traveller seeks out and describes all new aspects of nature and of society. More commendable and pleasing still, perhaps, is the absence of grumbling and fault-finding, and the freedom from that prejudice with regard to everything American, based upon imperfect knowledge and the conception of the conventional Yankee, which pervades and vitiates the judgment of most English people. Miss Kingsley has evidently the faculty of viewing things apart from this, fairly as they are, and I cannot help echoing the wish of the editor, that her just and kindly appreciation may serve to further the better understanding between the English and American peoples which seems to be growing so satisfactorily just now.

After a short visit to Niagara and places of interest in the Eastern States, the traveller turned her face westwards, and passed two-

thirds of the way across the Continent, over the Great Prairie to Denver, in Colorado. Denver is situated at the western extremity of the vast central plain, some fifteen miles from the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and is one of those wonderful cities which have sprung up so rapidly along new lines of railway in western America. In the beginning of 1870 the whistle of an engine had never been heard in Denver; early in 1872 five railways were running out of it, and its population had doubled in a single year. Seventy-six miles south of Denver, on a new line of railway in the course of construction from that city to El Paso del Norte on the frontier of Mexico, lies the young settlement of Colorado Springs. Here, on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, the authoress spent the winter, part of the time in a dwelling the substantial character of which may be inferred from the fact that it was "ordered on Thursday and finished on Saturday"—a little wooden shanty on a bare level plateau, but in the midst of magnificent scenery, which afforded an endless field for exploration, attended with all the charm of new discovery, and supplied material for many happy and picturesque descriptions. Monument Park and the "Garden of the Gods," grassy valleys studded with huge pillars of sandstone of strange fantastic shape, burlesquing every form of animated nature; snowy mountains, of which Pike's Peak, 14,336 feet high, is by no means the loftiest; the virgin beauties of unknown glens, or deep cañons with lofty walls of bright coloured rocks, adorned with rich creepers and giant pines. But life in this grand wild country has its drawbacks, and the new comer had experience of them in various forms. Once, when sleeping alone in the solitary shanty, with nothing but a kitten and a revolver as companions, she was rudely awakened by awful sounds such as she had never heard before, breaking the stillness of the night:—

"Peal upon peal of demoniac laughter, mingled with shrieks and screams, seemed sweeping past the shanty—now loud, now softer, till they died away in the distance. I flew up, and with revolver across my knee listened in a perfect agony of terror; but the sound, whatever it was, had gone by, and by the time I had struck a match and found it was 4 a.m., I knew what it must be—a band of coyotes (prairie wolves) had come through town on a raid after stray sheep. And small blame to me if I was frightened; for many a stout Westerner has told me how, camping out on the plains in hourly expectation of an Indian attack, a band of coyotes have made every man spring to his feet with rifle or revolver cocked, thinking the wolfish chorus was an Indian war whoop."

The climate, again, although extremely bracing and healthy at this altitude of from 4,000 to 7,000 feet, shows great variations of temperature. In winter a hot bright sun in the daytime alternates with nights of bitter cold, when the thermometer is down sometimes 20° or 30° below zero. Yet so dry is the atmosphere that this is borne with comparatively little discomfort, and the cool breezes which sweep down from the snowy heights in the evening are most refreshing after the heat of a summer's day. At times, however, the winds are less benign, and burst forth suddenly in wild storms, which threaten to

carry all before them, and bombard the wayfarer hotly with volleys of sand and pebbles. The territory of Colorado is no doubt rich, containing mineral-bearing mountains, fertile valleys, and broad grassy plains. Its great defect as an agricultural country is its extreme dryness, and in order to render it productive, a system of irrigation, such as that established in Utah by the Mormons, appears absolutely necessary.

In the early spring the authoress and her friends crossed the Rocky Mountains to California, *en route* for Mexico. Railway travelling over the great chain is attended with considerable excitement in the winter season, on account of the steep gradients and the accumulation of snow at exposed points. The line is protected by sheds in most places; but now and again the train plunges into huge drifts as high as the tops of the cars, and has either to "buck" through or be dug out. The operation of "bucking" consists in detaching the engine and running it at top speed full tilt into the mass of snow, and repeating this again and again until a way is made through the drift by main force. Entering Mexico at Manzanilla, on the Pacific coast, the travellers crossed the country from west to east, emerging at Vera Cruz on the Atlantic side. The first portion of the journey was made on horseback or by waggon along the roughest and steepest roads, across unbridged streams and deep barrancas—great chasms which furrow the central plateau at various points; the whole way being beset by robbers and disturbed by local revolutions. Yet the rare opportunities of studying the country which the adventurous party enjoyed, and the extreme kindness and hospitality which they met with, amply compensated them for all drawbacks. This expedition through the western part of Mexico, so rarely visited, together with her brother's survey of it in the north and south, enable the authoress to speak of the resources of the country with far greater authority than could be conferred by the usual trip from Vera Cruz to the capital. The picture she draws of the natural wealth of Mexico—with inexhaustible mines of all kinds of minerals unopened, or but half worked by primitive appliances; its fertile lands, yielding in the Tierra Caliente all the products of the tropics, and in the Tierra Templada the wheat and corn and fruits of more temperate climes, and all these riches wasted or unutilised through the incurable idleness of the people, and the state of political insecurity—is a striking one. At the time of her visit it was impossible to pass from one town to another without infinite danger of being robbed by "ladrones," or arrested by "pronunciados." Even in the city of Mexico itself, where Juarez had been installed in power for several years, it was quite unsafe to drive to Chapultepec unarmed—a distance of less than three miles.

The remedies suggested for this condition of chronic disorder, which has lasted ever since the Mexicans threw off the Spanish yoke, now more than sixty years ago, is the establishment of a system of railroads. With rapid and easy communication between all parts of the country, *pronunciamentos* would be readily put down, and commerce would immediately increase. But then the dif-

ficulty is to establish the railways: the only one yet made—that from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico—took twenty-one years to complete. Mexico herself cannot supply the means, and foreign capitalists are deterred by the general insecurity which prevails. Fresh projects for new railways are on foot, and there yet remains time for the establishment of a firm government able to maintain order and secure the development of the vast natural resources of the country, before the army of American pioneers, steadily marching southwards year by year, pours over the border.

But if when that time comes Mexico has still failed to secure a stable government, strong enough to enforce the laws and afford protection to all, the American people may find themselves irresistibly impelled to take the matter in hand.

W. B. CHEADLE.

Early Russian History: Four Lectures delivered at Oxford in the Taylor Institution.
By W. R. S. Ralston, M.A. (London: Sampson Low & Co., 1874.)

It usually needs some external impulse to direct attention in this country, even amongst the educated classes and in the Universities themselves, to any unfamiliar branch of study; and we may therefore thank the recent marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with a Russian Grand Duchess for rekindling an interest in the annals of the bride's native land, which had died out at the close of the Crimean War, and for thus inducing the authorities of the Taylorian Institution to procure the delivery of these lectures by Mr. Ralston.

In a very modest preface the author compares his work to the *zakuska*, or snack, which precedes a Russian dinner. But he does himself much less than justice by such a parallel, because the *zakuska* consists on the one hand of things which we for the most part consider unwholesome, such as small saucers of caviare and salt cucumber, and glasses of *vodka*, and on the other of items which do not reappear in the course of the actual meal. He might have much more truly compared his four lectures to special dishes, *coups d'essai* wherewith a great culinary artist displays his powers, and vindicates his claims to be entrusted with the preparation of a banquet for royalty; while the epicure, anything but "serenely full," and eager for more, calls to him to continue his ministrations.

Russia, as having lain entirely outside the conquests of the Roman Empire, and not having contributed, like the Teutonic races, to its overthrow in the fifth century, begins its annals much later than any other European realm. France and Spain have eight hundred years of uninterrupted and ascertainable history before the legendary period of Russian chronology so much as begins, while British legend is restricted in the South to the early part of the English conquest, and in the North to the reign of the first three or four Dalriadan Scottish princes. The very first dawn of Russian legend is contemporaneous with Alfred the Great in England, Charles the Bald in France, Louis the Pious in the Western Empire, and Basil the Macedonian in the East, all of them

names which speak of a long settled polity in the full noontide of historical fact, while the earliest extant chroniclers who narrate the beginnings of Russia are separated by an interval of nearly three centuries from the events they profess to describe. The planting of Christianity in Southern Russia is in truth the first tangible fact which emerges from the vague mist surrounding the name of Rurik and his followers, seemingly a Scandinavian sept invited about the middle of the ninth century to settle as rulers at Novgorod. It is as difficult to say what is history and what is legend during this period, as to separate these two elements in our own story of Hengest and Horsa. But the Russian annalists give some particulars omitted by Mr. Ralston, which, if accurate, fix the origin of Rurik clearly enough. They allege him to have been born at Upsala in 880, son of a Swedish king Ludbrat, and his queen Oumila, daughter of Gostomysl, last President of Novgorod, who is said to have urged the people to invite a foreign chieftain to rule them after his death. The legends of Olga and her grandson Vladimir, through whose intervention and aid Christianity became established in Russia, form at once the most detailed and the most vivid portions of the accounts which have come down to us concerning the next century and a half; accounts which, we may add, though checked in some little degree by the Byzantine annalists, are mainly based on the narrative of Nestor of Pechersky, who may be styled, though at a vast interval, the Baeda of early Russian history.

The second period which Mr. Ralston has selected is that of Subdivided Russia; that is, as he afterwards explains, the era of the apanages, that system which fatally weakened the youthful nation, and left it an easy prey to the Tatar invaders. This system, of which Western Europe tasted some of the evil fruits in the wars of the great feudatories of France, was one by which the Lord Paramount, as feudalism would call him, the Bretwalda, to adopt our old English title, or Grand Prince (*Veliki Kniaz**), as the Russians actually styled the chief successor of Rurik, was obliged to assign domains to his princely kindred, within which each was sovereign ruler; and so far from their being obliged to pay tribute and yield more than a mere honorary precedence to their nominal superior, he was actually compelled, as the head of the confederation, to give an account to them of his expenditure of all sums collected for joint national purposes. As there were incessant quarrels among these petty potentates, in which blood was freely shed, it is easy to see that the condition of Russia was even more disorganised than that of England under the Heptarchy. In truth, one fact which Mr. Ralston does not cite, lets us into the secret of the extent to which the parcelling out of the country was carried, namely, that in the great battle of Dimitri Donskoi against the Tatars, no fewer than five hundred and thirteen of these sovereign princes were slain. No wonder that the compact organisation of the Mongol

armies in the thirteenth century crushed the undisciplined levies of the Russian princes, which can hardly be called armies, but merely the aggregate of the personal retainers of each petty court. Though a few of the most illustrious names in Russian history adorn the dreary epoch of the Tatar domination, prolonged during two centuries, yet it is on the whole the time of the lowest depression of the country. There is once more a parallel in English history during the worst period of the raids of the Northmen, so far as widespread desolation and the destruction of religious houses with their precious literary contents. But the overthrow of Russia was much more complete than that of England, and no such identity of race existed between Tatars and Slavonians as between Danes and English, so that there never was any blending of conquerors and vanquished into one nation, nor would the haughty lieutenants of the Great Khan have stooped, like Svend and Knut, to wear the crown of the subjugated country as their chief title of honour. While recognising to the full the graphic power and skilful arrangement with which Mr. Ralston has narrated the story of this era, and depicted for us the tyranny of the Golden Horde, we cannot but regret his omission of one of the most picturesque episodes of the time, the retreat and permanent revolt of the Don Cossacks, a story which ranks in romantic interest with those of Hereward and of Wallace.

In the account of the gradual rise of the Moscow princes to the first place in Russia, not merely by their titular rank of Grand Prince, obtained through the favour of the Golden Horde, but by sagacious alliances, ruthless assassinations, and grasping conquests, which would not have discredited Louis XI. himself, Mr. Ralston has succeeded in disentangling a very difficult part of Russian history, and in making it quite clear to ordinary readers.

But we should have been glad to have had a little more from him about the troubles which the nation suffered from its Western neighbours. He does tell us something about the power and hostility of Lithuania, but we hear comparatively little of the Polish tyranny. If it were once recognised that Russia, in her stern policy towards Polish nationality and religion during the last century, has been doing little more than paying off old scores of oppression sustained at Polish hands, the popular judgment on the quarrel would be modified, if not reversed. The three figures which stand out most prominently in the front of the succeeding narrative are those of Ivan the Terrible, the usurper Boris Godunof, and the False Demetrius. Mr. Ralston does not forget to tell us how the second of these was author of the serfdom of Russia. The method he adopted, as it would seem, began by ingeniously extending the operation of the law of the commune, almost imperceptibly at first, till it made those who were once peasant proprietors mere *ascripti glebae*. This, of course, was a fresh element of national weakness in the period of anarchy which followed the death of the first False Demetrius, and which would have been as fatal to Russia as the apanages had been, if only a sufficiently sagacious and powerful invader had chosen

his time aright. A little more detail on this question of the origin of serfdom would have been desirable, if only to dissipate the erroneous notions to which Mr. Hepworth Dixon has given currency in his *Free Russia*. Mr. Ralston closes his lectures with the election as Czar of Michael Romanoff, grandfather of Peter the Great, in 1613, when the crown, which has since become one of the most mighty in the world, was not much more eligible than that of Greece when it went begging after the deposition of King Otho. In some brief supplementary appendices he has dealt more fully with some of the points he could merely touch on in the lectures, and confirmed the impression which they create, that he is competent to deal with the whole subject in more than popular fashion, and to give English readers, what they do not yet possess, a trustworthy, learned, and readable History of Russia.

RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE.

Henri Beyle (otherwise De Stendhal). A Critical and Biographical Study. By Andrew Archibald Paton. (London: Trübner & Co., 1874.)

THE chief authority for the life of a man whose life was spent in gratifying his own tastes, expressing his own ideas, and analysing his own feelings, must necessarily be the man himself. Two volumes of Beyle's letters have already been published by his friend, editor, and biographer, M. Colomb, but they belong mostly to the period of middle life, at which the interest of autobiographies usually flags, because the character is formed, and the conduct is determined more by habit than by passion and opinion. Mr. Paton, however, has had access to "the whole of the intimate correspondence of Beyle with his family," no part of which had yet been published, and which includes a long series of letters to his sister Pauline, his most constant—perhaps his only fully trusted—friend and confidante. Beyle was born at Grenoble in 1783; in 1799 he was sent to Paris to complete his studies, under the protection of M. Daru, a connexion of his family, whom he accompanied on the Italian campaign in the following year. From this time until his stay in Milan, after the fall of the Empire had put an end to his official prospects, the materials at the command of former biographers were rather scanty, while the final estimate of the man himself cannot but be affected by a fuller knowledge of the steps by which his individuality developed. Beyle himself held, like Mandeville, that most human virtue was only natural vice cunningly utilised; and conversely, of course, most human vices should be bits of natural virtue mismatched, or out of place. This, at any rate, appears to have been the history of some of Beyle's own less amiable characteristics. The history of his life told in outline would prove him an egotist, the first glance at his works, a cynic; a comparison of the two might show him as habitually duped by the very weakness he was most constant in satirising; but there is at least an intellectual attraction about the cynical

* This is still the Russian title for the younger sons of a Czar, translated by Germans and French as "Grand Duke."

egotism that begins at home, and sacrifices its professor to the consistency of his creed. According to Beyle, the two motors in modern society, especially in France, are "le besoin de paraître" and "la crainte du ridicule," which last is defined as an apparent failure in the endeavour to *paraître*. Of course in a society governed by this ambition, there must be a tacit understanding as to what the members shall wish to appear, and the inherent inconsistency, *le ridicule*, of the Don Juanic ideal towards which Parisian aspirations gravitated, has never been more powerfully satirised than by De Stendhal. His own ambition was more distinguished; he had an intense consciousness of his own individuality, and he wished that individuality to appear clear and admirable before the eyes of the educated world. Authorship and conversation were the natural means towards the attainment of this result, his recognition by "the happy few," to whom one of his works is inscribed, as the great apostle of *Beylism*, as he was fond of calling the mixed mass of sentiment and paradox which formed his private philosophy. But the most scathing satire is seldom directed against a vice or weakness which the satirist only knows from outside. Thackeray's antipathy to snobs, and his intense sensitiveness to snobbishness, were not themselves the most elevated traits in his mental constitution, and, in like manner, all Beyle's crusading against vanity was marked by—as Sainte-Beuve observes—"un travers . . . qui nuisait même le talent" undoubtedly displayed in the attack. The same writer has characterised him as "un critique non pour le public, mais pour les artistes, mais pour les critiques eux-mêmes;" but the qualities required for such a post, the power of analysing the processes of analysis, of calling judgments to the bar of reason, of considering every work in relation to its effect, as well as to its intention, and allowing for secondary developments and reactions, all these applications of logical ingenuity to the decisions of taste have the disadvantage of sometimes missing their mark, and so becoming ridiculous—not from any defect in themselves or their originator, but from the dulness or prejudice of the spectators, too short-sighted to see, or too pre-occupied to care, whether the mark (perhaps a folly of their own) is hit or not, for of course there is no persuading a sentient target that it is badly hit when it has felt no blow. Beyle felt this difficulty, and professed that he should be content with forty readers if he might choose them himself (his book, *De l'Amour*, had nineteen), but since that was impracticable, "comme on redoute pour ses sentiments l'ironie qui les gâte"—he took to applying the irony himself, sometimes certainly with the effect he dreaded. In his letters especially he carried "la peur d'être dupe" to such a point as to seem the dupe of an expectation to find all feeling as much the result of a calculation as his own. He carried his disbelief in mankind to the credulous excess of assuming every fool to be a sceptical hypocrite. But this want of charity (he plays in one place upon the double meaning of the word *want*) is really the product of a morbidly acute sensibility, not of indif-

ference, to either the good opinion or the good offices of his fellow-men. One of his epigrams, "*La cruauté est une sympathie souffrante*," points to a truth of very wide application; in all self-conscious suffering there are two elements, the impulse to resent the pain, and the desire to escape from it; and it seems to depend upon the development reached by the purely moral sentiments, whether at any given time the natural "fellow-feeling" of humanity shall take the form of sympathy with the remedial instinct or the other. It is a *sympathie souffrante* that makes the hero in "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came" exclaim of the wretched horse, "with every bone astare,"

"I never saw a brute I hated so,
It must be wicked to deserve such pain."

And in the same way Beyle's misanthropy, so far as it is a genuine feeling and not a cherished cover for paradoxes, is at bottom a *sympathie souffrante* with the human weaknesses that leave his own desire for sympathetic pleasures unappeased. The burden of all his early letters to Pauline is the woe of a character "incompris," of an "âme sensible" (in one place Mr. Paton translates this "sensible," rather to the confusion of the sense), condemned to associate with unresponsive, or envious, or unintelligent companions. He explains how he defends himself against *ennui* in uncongenial society by analysing the follies of its members: he divides society into "men of sensation and men of perception," and places his own philosophical superiority in the power he has of enjoying according to circumstances the pleasures of either class. If the perversity of mankind prevents his indulging in the sensations or sentiments he finds most agreeable, he consoles and revenges himself by recording his experiences; for, as he puts it at the age of twenty-seven, "When I write, my mind, occupied with the exact rendering of my thoughts, has no time to be disagreeably affected by the baseness of the model." At a later period he defined logic as "*l'art de ne pas nous tromper de route en marchant vers le but que nous voulons atteindre*," and it was certainly inconsequent, on his own principles, to place his happiness in the enjoyment of the pleasures of art, love and friendship at a time when he was sedulously making the latter impossible by his anxiety not to commit himself, or to allow his happiness to become dependent on anything less calculable and controllable than his own prudence. He had an unbounded admiration for English Utilitarianism in its crudest extremes, and having to choose between the pleasures adapted to his temperament and the search after such pleasures, chose the search, and pursued it with courageous, almost conscientious, consistency. His definition of the character of a man is "the way in which he habitually seeks for happiness;" he is severe upon the literary hypocrisy, *le béguenisme*, which consists in "the art of enjoying with the tastes one has not got," and professes that the only things of which he was certain himself were his own likes and dislikes, and since to know these, and to expatiate upon his knowledge are quite different processes from feeling or indulging the likes themselves, and are perhaps more uniformly possible, all the principles of

Beylism combined to make Beyle primarily and mainly what Sainte-Beuve calls him, the critic of the critical class—as represented by himself.

After the campaign of Marengo, Beyle spent a few years in Paris, a few months in a counting house at Marseilles—he always had *vellétés* in the direction of trade speculation as a road to fortune—but in 1806 he re-entered the public service, was despatched to Brunswick as receiver of Domain revenues, employed himself with some zeal in packing up the Wolfenbüttel manuscripts for the Imperial Library at Paris, spent some months in Vienna after the battle of Wagram, returned to Paris in 1810, revisited Italy in 1811, and concluded, for the present, his official career by taking part in the Russian expedition and the retreat from Moscow. He was attached to the Commissariat Department, and Mr. Paton infers with some probability from expressions of his own, that it was on this occasion that he was honoured by a short (and by no means flattering) address from the Emperor in person. His letters during the campaign are perhaps, of all his writings, the least creditable to his intelligence; he carried with him the philosophy lately elaborated on Parisian boulevards, and its application to the altered circumstances of the philosopher confirms his other theories by becoming almost ridiculous through the simple force of inappropriateness. He was completely indifferent to the moral forces and political interests engaged in the struggle, but wished to derive as much intellectual and aesthetic satisfaction as possible from the contemplation of the drama before his eyes; but he failed entirely to see that a drama of that kind and scale can only be appreciated, even as a spectacle, by those who see in it something more than the material incidents. He wrote while Moscow was still in flames: "I needed to be alone or with people of intelligence to enjoy this imposing spectacle; but what spoiled the Russian campaign for me was, that I had to make it with people who would have dwarfed the impressions produced by the Coliseum or the Bay of Naples." The rigorous application of his Epicurean logic lands him in assumptions on a level with those of the hero in the *Triumph der Empfindsamkeit*.

In 1814, Beyle made his first appearance as an author, with a rambling *Life of Haydn, Mozart, and Metastasio*, purporting to be by one "Alexandre César Bombet," the first of the author's many aliases. The gross plagiarism from other biographers which distinguishes this work seems the more unaccountable because Beyle not only prided himself upon being, but really was, a distinctly original thinker; the fact seems to be, that he only took the trouble to think about subjects in which he was personally interested, and only about those up to the exact points to which his interest extended, and if this original matter was not enough to make a book, he had little scruple about carting into his pages a makeweight of undigested information to appease more omnivorous appetites. This work contains the first sketch of his theory of temperaments, reproduced in the *History of Painting*, which, though always supported by minute and ingenious

observations, scarcely seems to deserve the praise accorded to it by Mr. Paton and other admirers. Beyle's taste for mystifications, literary and otherwise, was certainly connected with his reluctance to be regarded as a professional author, but both together appear to be the result of an inextinguishable "besoin de paraître" in the most marked and versatile aspect, before the most intelligent and sympathetic of spectators, himself. M. de Colomb tells a story how, during the Terror, his parents were imprisoned, and he himself conveyed by his nurse to seek protection with M. Gagnon, Beyle's maternal grandfather and guardian. The danger of receiving the child of proscribed parents was discussed in family conclave, and the young Colomb was profoundly touched by overhearing his future friend, Henri, pleading his cause in eloquent soliloquy; it seems uncharitable to guess that the generous sentiments, which were no doubt sincere, were uttered aloud with the not quite equally sincere purpose of being overheard by the person interested; but the conjecture harmonises with the general impression of his character, up to the time when he proceeded to argue away the inclination to pose in public as a hero, on the ground that the most heroic posture of all was that of the philosopher despising public opinion. What phrenologists call secretiveness—a very different thing from general untruthfulness—is sometimes merely the symptom of timidity or shyness; but if the victim of shyness, or constitutional indisposition to *paraître*, is at the same time convinced that his appearance would be extremely effective if he could only accomplish it, he is not unlikely to waste a disproportionate amount of care upon the *mise en scène* of his small drama. Beyle had too much practical sense to trouble himself much about the fate of his books when they were written, but he did not choose to be known chiefly in general society as the writer of books which few people read. He preferred to make an independent impression as a brilliant *causeur*, and reserve the right of looking down upon admiration that ignored the larger half of his claim to it. His theory (borrowed from Hobbes) of laughter, and amusement generally—as the unexpected apprehension of one's own superiority—is quite adequate to account for the amusement he derived from the reflection that a great many people who thought they knew the man Beyle, knew nothing about the author De Stendhal, while the readers of De Stendhal were for the most part such ignoramus as to imagine that there was a real Baron of that name. The fundamental assumption that gives point to this joke for Beyle, is that his is a personality concerning which it is absurd for the world to be misinformed. When Haroun al Raschid or Goethe mix incognito with their subjects, the situation has a comic interest for outsiders, who foresee the excitement which will follow the disclosure, and measure the completeness of the hoax; but when Beyle passes himself off upon an innkeeper's wife as a commercial traveller under a feigned name, his amusement seems slightly out of proportion to the intrinsic absurdity of the incident, and so far tinged with the dreaded *ridicule* of personal vanity.

The same slight shade of egotistic stupidity appears in the emphasis with which he explains how he learnt to conciliate Italian ladies (who dislike the vanity of ordinary Frenchmen) and persons of the lower orders, by waiving all his natural superiorities and pretending for the moment to be exactly like everybody else—only a little more sensible.

His *Histoire de la Peinture en Italie and Rome, Naples et Florence*, the latter gossiping sketches of Italian society, diversified with a little moral speculation and paradox, were published in 1817, and favourably received by a small circle. The "History" is fragmentary and unsystematic to a degree; but considering the disorganised state of opinion on matters of art at the time, and the writer's natural inability to sympathise with the most powerful emotions expressed in Italian painting, his criticisms are surprisingly little out of date. It is true that he says in one place that Giotto's works are "désagréable à voir," but, on the other hand, it was an independent discovery that the painting of expression (or at least of variety of expression) began with Masaccio. His remarks on Lionardo are also interesting, especially on what were called his anatomical studies, which are more upon the general physical conditions and accompaniments of emotion than upon anatomy proper as mastered by Michel Angelo. Beyle was at this time an occasional contributor to periodicals, including *Colburn's New Monthly*, to which he furnished criticisms of current French literature: his view of contemporary art was that painting had become impossible in France, because there was "bon ton," that is, imitation, in every gesture; the actors in the human comedy imitate each other; the models for tragedy imitate Talma, whose attitudes, according to Beyle, formed the staple of the Salon of 1824. In 1822 his book *De l'Amour* was published, according to the preface, "an exact and scientific description of a sort of folly that is rare in France." It was a favourite doctrine with him that the charm of the Italian character lies in the emotional sincerity made possible by its complete freedom from vanity, all the harder and meaner elements being restricted to the region of practical affairs. His contribution to the Romantic controversy, *Racine and Shakespeare*, published in the following year, possesses all his characteristic merits of style and insight, but is spoilt as a book by a complete want of structure and coherence: it is the work of a critic too much accustomed to have his ideas kept together and in place by following the skeleton outline of the victim he dissects.

As a novelist, De Stendhal failed once or twice—in *Armance* (1827) and *Rouge et Noir* (1830)—before doing justice to his curiously individual talent in the *Chroniques Italiennes* and the *Chartreuse de Parme*, the latter the work upon which Balzac exhausted his copious vocabulary of praise and hyperbole. Against Balzac's ecstasies we may set Sainte-Beuve's reserve. The author of *Joseph Delorme* clearly dislikes, and indeed disapproves, the moral tone of the *Chartreuse*, a fact which, considering his usual tolerance, is calculated to give an unfair impression on the nature of Beyle's offences. He is not,

any more than Balzac, a pleasant writer, but his substance is harmless compared with that of many novelists of the Empire towards whom the great critic had no spontaneous feeling of conscientious dislike. What repelled him in Beyle was the extension to the passions of the sceptical criticism which both were ready to apply in politics, art or philosophy. To a formal moralist, the fact that Beyle did not really believe in the overmastering strength of disinterested passions seems to offer a guarantee against the multiplication in his romances of dangerous situations not vouched for by ancient records; and this is to some extent the case; but, on the other hand, a sentimentalist may easily give a moral colour to his instinctive dislike by objecting, that no passion can be a worthy subject of artistic treatment except in proportion to its disinterested strength, and that this quality purifies and ennobles any passion, whether it is represented under circumstances which make its manifestations a crime or not. Beyle lets his heroes commit crimes without seeming to care as much about it as an honest criminal should. They are not impelled by the vague necessity that plays so large a part in Victor Hugo's conceptions; nor, as in Balzac, by the ever-growing entanglement of slight threads of inclination and opportunity; nor, as in writers of the highest dramatic power, by the moral necessity of co-existing passions to adjust themselves to each other in conquest or compromise; all that can be done to give the effect of truth by circumstantial realisation of every point in the narrative, he does with De Foe-like industry and much more than De Foe's intellectual inventiveness and insight. But, after all, the writing leaves behind it an impression of incompleteness, as if more had been promised than was performed: the careless reader who is only interested in the story might think that the plot was merely not woven up to the necessary degree of intricacy; Sainte-Beuve felt something like a hiatus between the action and the internal springs which should naturally account for it; a more critical realist might object that his representations really fall short of truth, in spite of the laborious analysis which they rest upon, exactly in those regions where the author's experience failed, and observation of the phenomena in others was impossible. His works remain powerful studies by an artist who never achieved mastery in production, and are recommended to students with the more confidence that they are not likely to *faire école*.

EDITH SIMCOX.

MINOR LITERATURE.

Boswelliana: the Commonplace Book of James Boswell. With a Memoir and Annotations by the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., and Introductory Remarks by the Right Hon. Lord Houghton. (Printed for the Grampian Club, 1874.) Lord Houghton excuses the use of "Boswelliana" as the title of anecdotes collected by, instead of about Boswell, as it was that inscribed by the writer upon the original MS. This MS. was sold amongst his books, probably by mistake, as his private journal was at the same time destroyed by his family. After passing into Mr. Pigott's hands, it was sold with the remainder of the Brockley library, and more recently purchased by Lord Houghton. It is now printed for the first

time as a whole, but many of the anecdotes, especially those relating to Dr. Johnson, were used in the *Life*, while others have been handed down by so many gossips and memoir-writers as to be more hackneyed now than when they first went the round of well-informed society. Perhaps the chief interest of the collection is to show that Boswell's great talent had a real existence apart from the hero upon whom it was mainly expended. He Boswellised himself, his wife, his son, his friends, and society in general; and if his attention had not been concentrated upon the man whom he deliberately thought most deserving of Boswellian immortality, there is little doubt that his ambition would have led him to elaborate an autobiography or memoirs nearly equal in merit and interest to his actual work. The jottings in his commonplace book are of very unequal value, and there are many which an ordinary collector of *ana* would have rejected as trivial and pointless; but these are exactly the ones in which his genius as an observer and photographer of character is most conspicuous: the number of traits in the moral physiognomy of the sitter seized by the artist is the measure of his fidelity; and in the case of all the personages, celebrated or obscure, whose sayings Boswell has thought fit to preserve, we have the feeling that, if he had preserved observations enough of the same kind respecting them, the portrait would have completed itself in the same excellent style of art as that which immortalises the lexicographer. The memoir, which occupies rather more than half the volume, is unpretentious and readable, being based chiefly upon Boswell's own letters, especially those to his early friend, Mr. Temple (recently discovered and published by Bentley), and some, still in MS., to Sir David Dalrymple (Lord Hailes), preserved at New Hailes. The writer, by taking for granted most of the details bearing on Boswell's intercourse with Dr. Johnson, helps to correct the natural popular inference from the notoriety of that intercourse, that the biographer spent his whole life as the shadow of one man, instead of, as was much more nearly the case, in the incessant taking of *sketches* of all degrees of finish and merit. Even Boswell's vanity appears, on an impartial retrospect, as little worse than an eager desire to see and sketch his own figure at its best, leading to droll contortions in the artist which his involuntarily faithful pencil reproduces. He did not really mistake or misconceive his powers; he only wanted to enjoy, at the same time, the pleasures natural to their exercise and the praise which fairly belonged to that exercise. As Lord Houghton observes, "the most fantastic dream of his own self-importance would have been fully realised" by an anticipation of the deliberate judgment of posterity, as represented by Mr. Carlyle, on his character and merits. It is only contrary to the general instincts and usage of sane men to dream so much about the exact shape and size of the shadow they themselves cast.

The Life and Times of Louisa, Queen of Prussia, with an Introductory Sketch of Prussian History. By Elizabeth Harriot Hudson. In two volumes. (London: W. Isbister & Co., 1874.) This long and industrious compilation ought to be popular with the class who are inclined by taste for the study of the *Court Circular*, and qualified by education to enjoy an equivalent for the *Court Circular* relating to other Courts than that of Great Britain, and other dates than the current week. In historical capacity the author is inferior to Miss Strickland, who, moreover, had the advantage of writing about times concerning which it was a merit to have an abundance of even imperfect and trivial information. She has consulted a variety of recent works, good, bad, and indifferent, but her references are given with a sublime generality to "Carlyle" or "Alison," and she has so little conception of the natural uses and nature of an authority that she quotes "Alison" for such "facts" as that Napoleon was seriously anxious lest he should be intercepted by Nelson on his way

to Egypt. The history and character of Queen Louisa are interesting enough in themselves to make it regrettable that the only book which is likely to be written on the special subject in English should be so hopelessly unintelligent in its execution as to repel everything but idle curiosity or the appetite for Court gossip of the dullest—it must be added of the most moral and religious—sort.

Life of Dean Alford. (London: Rivingtons.) As this book has reached a third edition, we suppose that Dean Alford's admirers think that it was a service to his memory to publish it. At all events, the unreserve of the editor enables us to know him inside and out, for he wrote down everything he thought and felt, as he printed all that he knew. He was engaged at twenty-two, after an attachment of sixteen years, and a brilliant career at Cambridge, where he was numbered with the "apostles" when Tennyson and Hallam were members of the college. He had naturally a quick and fluent mind, and as he conquered the power of early rising and hard work, his combination of fervent piety with wide, if not intelligent, sympathy, raised him to the rank of an ecclesiastical personage. He killed himself by restlessness: at sixty he undertook an edition of the Old Testament for English readers, in 5,000 pages, to be finished in seven years, because, he said, "editing reviews, writing in *Good Words*, &c., &c., does not seem quite heavy material enough for luggage for the long journey."

He was quicksighted and shortsighted in most matters of opinion theological and political, and so was always just a few years ahead of the British public in his judgments, as in this, which was written October 9, 1870:—

"Their ingratitude [that of the French] to Louis Napoleon, who did more for them commercially than any man in his time, is abominable. But I begin to fear the Germans are set upon building up even a greater and falser state of things than the French ever did. The French fallacy was supremacy by means of an army. The Germans' is the greater crime of universal military life, and by means of it the unchristianising of Europe: at least I fear so."

Borland Hall (Macmillan & Co.) is not an advance on *Obrig Grange*: it contains nothing nearly so good as the fifty or sixty pages on the father and mother of the heroine. It is a story of a Scotch student whose mother has got her second husband to disinherit his daughter in her favour, staining her conscience for the sake of her son. Her death and the knowledge of her guilt drive him wild, and he abandons his property to look for the children of the disinherited daughter. One is a Socialist leader, the other is the girl he was in love with when he was a happy student, so the recognition sets everything right. The mother's explanation has a good deal of grim power in the execution, though the conception is cheap; the same may be said of a soliloquy of the hero's on the question whether a young man had better curb his animal nature or idealise it. The description of Borland Glen is very crisp and good. There are a great many pieces of miscellaneous verse inserted in the story on more or less exciting and popular topics, that show some readiness of thought and feeling, and are rather like the cracking of thorns after all. They may remind some readers of the verse in a book of Miscellanies, partly in prose, called *Carl's Legacy* which was published some years ago by Edmondston & Douglas. If *Obrig Grange* is by the author of *Carl's Legacy*, the advance would be very surprising.

THE seventh edition of Mr. Locker's *London Lyrics* (Isbister & Co.) contains eight new poems: one, the "Unrealised Ideal," is so exquisite in execution, that the humility of the sentiment is surprising. The final note explains the writer's view of the art of which he is decidedly the first living master, though he cannot practise it to his own satisfaction. In his brief review of his predecessors, it may be doubted whether he does full

justice to Moore, and he seems to admire Præd without sympathising with him: perhaps the way in which he speaks of the two throws some light on the qualities and limits of his own gift; it is certainly characteristic that a writer with such quaint, shy, sincere tenderness should find Moore's effusive sentiment unreal.

A Few Pages from Real Life. By C. I. Osborne. (London: Chapman & Hall, 1874.) The friends to whom Mrs. Osborne dedicates her work must be very unlike the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus if they are not amused by it. The author appears to be one of those ladies who wander over the continent of Europe entering into religious controversy with every one they meet. Mrs. Osborne began at Folkestone, where she had an argument about the comparative probability of the miracle of the tribute-money and that of the Holy House of Loretto. Her opponent was inclined to accept both events as historical, but Mrs. Osborne felt that one must draw the line somewhere. She then goes on in this connected way:—

"So it seems to me, that according to him, many of the Popes having been the wickedest of men, is fully accounted for."

Archbishop Manning did me the honour to call upon me.

He is very like the portrait of S. Augustine, by Ary Scheffer; perhaps he sate for him.

Again, the Romish and High Church parties maintain—

well, it does not matter very much what they maintain, but it is cheerful to learn that Mrs. Osborne has found out that "water is matter." A little later she says that "almost any route was the same to us," and, indeed, with her "all roads lead to Rome," and to condemnation of the wicked practices and foolish dogmas of Catholicism.

There are moments when Mrs. Osborne deserts theology for a kind of social metaphysics. Thus, after lamenting the absence of Condyl's fluid at Stuttgart, she says:—"Life becomes an objective romance to read the endings thereof, when romance has been expunged from subjective life." We have copied out this sentence very carefully. It sounds like a quotation from Hegel, but it is so much more difficult, that it may be an utterance of the Stuttgart school of philosophy, and a result of the entire absence of Condyl's fluid in that district. Returning, after one sentence about the Grand Duchess of Baden, Mrs. Osborne reconsiders the Stuttgart question, not as before on the *a priori* method, but from the practical side. "It is such a mass of vineyards that an enormous quantity of manure is required."

Coming from Mrs. Osborne's sanitary metaphysics to her views of art, we find her saying that "Lord Lytton is dead; he is gone to meet the Classics he thought so much about, and a greater than any of them." None of the classics were lords, and no doubt Lord Lytton is a good deal looked up to in Limbo, where the Classics are. Returning to ordinary life, Mrs. Osborne remarks that "there are two common little comforts wanting almost everywhere on the Continent—the beds never have under blankets, and they are always trying to make one drink out of those poisonous syphons instead of having proper soda-water in bottles." This is, indeed, to add injury to insult. Not that one generally expects beds to have proper soda water, even in happy England; but as they have got so far as to possess syphons, they might pull themselves together a little, and have soda-water which combined propriety with bottles.

But one must tear oneself away from a *Few Pages from Real Life*. Mrs. Osborne's sayings are like Madame de Sevigné's cherries. "You take the best first, then the second best, and end by eating them all." But time and space prevent us from reproducing all the good things in a book, which goes far to prove that Mrs. Nickleby may have been a Page from Real Life. EDITOR.

NOTES AND NEWS.

PROFESSOR SEKLEY is to give a course of lectures on some period of modern history to the ladies' class at Brighton, in the October term.

WE understand that during the summer session Professor Morley has been lecturing on English literature to more than 1,500 pupils, in his various classes in different parts of England. His University College classes in London contain over 120 pupils, the senior Anglo-Saxon class consisting of eight good students, who can translate English into Anglo-Saxon.

THE first volume of Mr. William Chappell's *History of Music*, including the Egyptian and Greek poets, is in the binders' hands. The second volume, dealing with Hebrew music, is to be by Dr. Ginsburg, and part of it has been long written. The third volume, on mediæval music, will be by Dr. Rimbault.

MR. CHAPPELL has now in hand the completion of the second volume of his edition of the Roxburghe Ballads for the Ballad Society.

MR. HENRY SWEET'S *History of English Sounds* is now at press for the Philological Society. Mr. Sweet has undertaken to edit *An Anglo-Saxon Reader* for the Clarendon Press, to head its series of English School and College Books.

M. GASTON PARIS is going to add to the French translation of Diez's *Grammar of the Romance Languages*, a fourth volume, which will contain: 1, a long Introduction on the History of the Romance Languages and of Romance Philology; 2, additions to and important corrections for the three volumes of Diez; 3, a full analytical table of the four volumes.

A NEW association is being formed to provide a "Lecturers' Benevolent and Provident Fund," and afford assistance in time of need to members of a laborious profession.

THE Crystal Palace School of Art and Literature is doing useful work, and the encouragement it meets with is satisfactory. The lectures delivered in German to the Ladies' Department by Dr. Heinemann have been sufficiently appreciated to induce him to publish, as the first of a series, his lecture on Albrecht Dürer and Holbein.

THE first sheet of Mr. Henry Cromie's Rhyme-index to the Ellesmere MS. of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* is now in type. It is interesting as showing the occasional liberties that Chaucer took with his rhymes, making the perfect of *have*, both *haide*, to rhyme with the adjectives *badde*, *sadde*, the perfects *ladde*, *shadde*, &c., and *hade* to rhyme with *blade* and *spade*.

THE New Shakspeare Society now numbers 401 members. Dr. Ingleby's General Introduction to Part I. of the Society's series of *Shakspeare Allusion Books* is in the press, and the first part of the Society's Transactions, which has been long in type, is nearly ready for issue.

AT the recent sale of the late Sir William Tite's library, the British Museum acquired two volumes of cuttings from a MS. missal of the beginning of the fifteenth century. The cuttings comprise a large number of initial letters of various designs, together with a certain number of miniatures, some of which are executed with the greatest skill. They are of particular interest as specimens of English art of the period, of which there are not too many examples extant; and could not find a more appropriate resting-place than the Department of MSS. of the British Museum. The MS. from which they have been so barbarously extracted must have been a remarkably handsome volume, which might have borne comparison with the Sherborne missal, a finely illuminated MS. of the same period, now in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland.

WE are glad to see the pleasant feeling that prevails between some of the leading German and

French philologists. Professor Schade, of Königsberg, the editor of the *Wissenschaftliche Monatshefte*, has printed in it a most kindly article on the French *Romania*, doing full justice to it and its editors, Messrs. Paul Meyer and Gaston Paris, and wishing them and his fellow-workers on the Seine, Loire, and Garonne all success. Professor Schade protests against those so-called national prejudices, which, covering themselves with the cloak of a false patriotism, are, in fact, only the product of impudent ignorance, and most hindering to the development of civilisation.

PROFESSOR DELIUS is lecturing at Bonn on the Historical Grammar of the English Language.

PROFESSOR HORSTMANN continues his Early English texts from the Laird MS. 108 in the *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen*: in No. 51 he printed "The Life of St. Alexis;" in No. 52, "The Savings of St. Bernard, and the Vision of St. Paul." In the same No. 52 appeared a print of the "History of Arthur" from the Early English version of Wace's *Brut* in the Harleian MS. 24, edited by Dr. Béddeker.

WE learn from *Polybiblion* that M. Ch. Emile Ruelle has just completed a work entitled *Bibliography of Gaul*, which will be at once printed. It contains about 9,000 articles, and is divided into two parts, the first giving under the name of each author as complete a list as possible of historical works relating to Gaul; and the second having the subject-matter arranged in topographical or scientific groups. M. Ruelle's work will doubtless meet with a favourable reception from students of bibliography and archaeology.

THE Academy of Floral Games has very much to answer for. Its prizes for 1874 called into existence no less than 622 copies of verses; namely, 73 odes, 43 poems, 30 epistles, 3 discourses in verse, 35 idylls, 59 elegies, 3 ballads, 35 fables, 35 sonnets to the Virgin, 249 miscellaneous poems, beside 9 discourses in prose. How the butter-mongers and trunk-makers must bless the Academy of Floral Games!

THE French papers announce the death of Ludovic Vieillot, music and song publisher. Among his publications were the first songs of G. Nadaud, the complete works of Charles Colman, Mahiet de la Chesneraye, L. Festeau, E. Donné, C. Gille, and the composers J. Darcier, J. Couplet, and V. Didier. In all he published about 50,000 songs, 10,000 with their music. He had also formed a theatrical and musical library of 3,000 volumes, many of which are very rare, and his house was described by a friend as "a perfect Louvre of song."

THE announcement of the death, at Grätz, on June 12, of Vincenz Zusner, recalls the name of an Austrian poet whose patriotic lyrics and *vers de société* have been almost forgotten by his countrymen, except in Styria, where his songs may still be heard among the hardy mountaineers, with whom they have long ranked as the most cherished of their national poetry. Zusner, who had attained a great age, and outlived his few relatives and the greater number of his contemporaries, has left his fortune, which was considerable, to local charitable institutions.

PROFESSOR UNGER has contributed a valuable addition to antiquarian literature in his recently published *Pœtola Sägur*, a collection of legendary stories of the lives of the Apostles, their strife for the spread of Christianity, and their death by martyrdom. These sagas were originally taken from Latin sources, and as many of them occur in Icelandic MSS. of about the year 1200, it seems probable that most of them came into existence during the last half of the twelfth century. In the thirteenth century several of them were revised and augmented by extracts from the Fathers and the usual encyclopædic works of the Middle Ages, such as the *Historia Scholastica* and *Speculum Historiale*. Unger has in this edition collected the various versions of these sagas, and

collated for the purpose various MSS., of which the greater part are to be found in the Arne-Magnæan collection in Copenhagen. The editor's preface, occupying thirty pages, describes the different MSS. which he has used; we may repeat one curious observation to the effect that one of the MSS. from Iceland had been cut up and used to make shoes of, a fate that has destroyed many a valuable Iceland parchment. The work is published by Bentzen, of Christiania.

THE once famous political writer, C. N. David, died at Copenhagen on June 13, in his eighty-second year.

IRONICAL commentators on our progress and civilisation are very fond of pointing out that the barbarous laws against conjuration and witchcraft were not repealed until the reign of George II. A curious illustration of the working of these laws nearly two centuries ago is contained in the following extract from a letter, preserved amongst the unpublished State papers, of Francis North, afterwards Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. At the time of writing North was a Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; he was at Exeter on circuit, and writes from there on August 10, 1682, to Sir Leoline Jenkins:—

"Here have been 3 old women condemned for witchcraft; your curiosity will make you enquire of their circumstances. I shall only tell you, what I had from my Brother Raymond before whom they were tried, that they were the most old decrepid despicable miserable creatures y^e he ever saw, a painter would have chosen them out of the whole country for figures of that kind to have drawn by, the evidence against them was very full & fanciful, but their own confessions exceeded it—they appeared not only weary of their lives but to have a great deal of skill to convict themselves; their descriptions of the sucking devils with sawer eyes was so naturall, that the jury could not chuse but beleve them. S^r. I find the country so fully possessed against them, that though some of the virtuosi may think these things the effects of confederacy melancholy or delusion, & that young folkes are altogether as quick-sighted as they who are old and infirme, yet wee can not reprove them, without appearing to denye the very being of witches, which as it is contrary to law, so I think it would be ill for his Ma^{ty}'s service, for it may give the faction occasion to set afoot the old trade of witchfinding y^e may cost many innocent persons their lives, w^{ch} this justice will prevent."

THE letters of Matthew Prior, which were included in our summary of the contents of the Macclesfield papers, now belonging to the British Museum (see ACADEMY for February 21, 1874), do not appear, upon examination, to possess much literary or biographical interest. They are chiefly short semi-official communications to the Under-Secretary of State, John Ellis, giving the chief items of continental news during Prior's mission to the Hague and Paris, a period ranging from July, 1695 to July, 1699. We give here the few passages which most attracted our attention.

Writing from the "Hague y^e 22 July, '95," Prior concludes:—

"I have printed in Dutch and French the bombarding St. Malo, and distributed it to all the Ministers and Politicians here, to the great discouragement of some of our Nouvellists, who give a certain French turn to our affairs when they relate them."

Another letter, dated June 5, 1796, has an allusion to one of his minor writings:—

"I ought to be angry with you for drawing up a letter of immoderate praises in the name of Mr. Secretary, which I hope He only subscribed as the King does the circular letter, and for recapitulating the same Praises in your own of the next post the 16th, however my resentment at this time shall go no further than to tell you that I wish the Poem but half so good in its kind as your Prose upon it, and that having written what you will see to Mr. Secretary I have no more to trouble you with than that I am &c."

"Mr. Secretary" we would fain believe to be Prior's friend and patron, Charles Montague,

afterwards Earl of Halifax, though it was hardly his official designation at that time.

Our next selection exhibits the poet hard at work on the details of the Treaty of Ryswick, which was signed on September 11 following.

"Hag: 3rd Aug. 1697.
"Our own affair is (God be thanked) in agitation, and is doing as most things in this world with violence and hurry, you that have been in business in all its shapes know so well how it happens in these cases that you will easily excuse my not answering yours of the 3rd sooner, and believe me that the 8 last days of my life have been not unlike every day of poor Cardonnel's, that is, writing my self blind, and going to bed at 3 in the morning without having eaten my supper: if all this trade ends in a Peace I shall not regret my pains, our Ministers are every day at it, and I think it advances every way but towards Vienne, these people (like those in the Scripture) must be compelled to come in, and necessity which they say has no law must give us *Jus pacis*."

Cardonnel was the hard-working secretary of the Duke of Marlborough.

We have space but for one elegant extract from his correspondence after reaching Paris. This is dated Paris, Sept. 6, 1698, and runs thus:—

"I have nothing worth troubling Mr. Secretary with, and am not in a very good stile at present, having been for these 3 days past with Custom house officers and Porters fighting and squabbling about *les petits droits et les aides d'entree*, so that *Maltotier, chien and bougre* are the civilised words that have come out of my mouth. I have only time to alter the language one moment, whilst I tell you that I am most truly, &c."

A volume of miscellaneous correspondence in the same collection contains a few letters of Richard Steele to Ellis, chiefly remarkable from their having been written before he had abandoned the profession of arms for that of letters; they are dated between March and July, 1704. It may be worth while to print one as a specimen:—

"March 25, 1704,
"Land-Guard-Fort.

"S^r,"

"I was ordered hither on a sudden, or had waited on you to receive your commands, but indeed I do not trouble you only to make my apology for that, but also to desire your Freindship and interest to the Duke of Ormond in my behalfe: What I would pretend to is a Troop in a Regiment of Dragoons I understand he is going to raise to be commanded by His Grace himself: This request is the more reasonable for that it is no advancement of my post in the dignity, but the income of it only, since I am already a Captain. If I can be so fortunate as to have any encouragement from you in this matter, I'll hasten to town. In the mean time any commands from you will be receiv'd as a very great Honour to S^r,"

"Y^r most obedient Humble Servant,

"RICH^d. STEELE."

Endorsed "Capt. Steele."

MR. HALLIWELL'S "Hint on the Date of *Coriolanus*, and possibly other Roman Plays," was communicated last night to the New Shakspeare Society, by Mr. Furnivall. It is this, that on comparing the different early editions—1579, 1596, 1603, 1612—of Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch's Lives*, to find out which of these editions Shakspeare used for his Roman plays, Mr. Halliwell had noticed many small differences between the editions, and had in one case, in *Coriolanus*, hit on a word, "vnfortunate," altered by the 1612 edition from the former ones' "vnfortunately," which "vnfortunate" was the word used by Shakspeare in his Tragedy of *Coriolanus*. This was therefore *prima facie* evidence that Shakspeare used the 1612 edition of North for his *Coriolanus*, if not for his other Roman Plays. Here are the extracts:—

SHAKSPEARE, *Coriolanus*, Act V. sc. iii. l. 96-8, *Tragedies*, p. 27, or 625, ed. Booth:

Volum. . . . Thinke with thy selfe,
How more vnfortunate then all liuing women
Are we come hither. . . .

Sir T. North's *Plutarch*, 1612, p. 254:
But think now with thy selfe, how much more vnfortunate then all the women liuing, we are come hither. . . .

Ed. 1603 and 1595:

But think now with thy selfe how much more vnfortunately then all the women liuing we are come hither.

Ed. 1579:

But thinke now with thy selfe, howe much more vnfortunally, then all the women liuinge we are come hether.

Coupling this fact with the other that Mr. Paton claims to have established, namely, that Shakspeare's own copy of the 1612 edition of North's *Plutarch*, with his initials W. S., is now in the Greenock Library, we have a strong *prima facie* case for the use of that edition by Shakspeare in his *Coriolanus*; for, as Dyce well says, this Play "is proved by the style to have been one of the author's latest compositions." But is the evidence anything more than *prima facie*? Without doubt, Shakspeare may have altered the "unfortunately" of the earlier editions, to the happier "unfortunate" of his text, from his own instinct and ear, without seeing the edition of 1612, just as he altered, by ear, "the naughtie seeds and cockle of insolence and sedition" (North, p. 229, ed. 1612), of the earlier editions (the 1595, at least), into

The cockle of Rebellion, Insolence, Seditiō.

(Cor. III. i.)

But if we compare the long line with "vnfortunately," with other like ones that Dr. Abbott has collected (*Shak. Gram.* pp. 405-7), we may see that it would have been at least allowable. 1. If the extra syllable is to come in the middle, the line being scanned with a central pause:—

How more | vnfor|tunately | than | all | liuing | wo-
men.—Cor.

Shall I | attend | your lordship? # Aug. Atan|ly time |
fore noon.—M. for M., II. ii. 160; see II. iv. 141-2.

For endjng thee | no sooner. # Thou hast | nor youth
| nor age.—M. for M., III. i. 32.

That I | am touch'd | with madness. # Make not | im-
pos|sible.—Ib., V. i. 51.

Did in | your name | receive it: # pardon | the fault |
I pray.—T. G. of V., I. i. 40.

2. If the extra syllable is to come at the end:—

How more | vnfor|tunate|ly than | all liui|ng wom|en.
Cor.

Upon | our hous|e's thatch, | whiles a | more fros|ty
peop|le.—Hen. V., III. v. 24.

Unto | a poor | but worth|y gent|leman | she's wed|ded.
Cymb., I. i. 7.

I do | beseech | you, par|don me, | I may | not show
| it.—Rich. II., V. ii. 70.

On the whole, then, Mr. Halliwell's hint may be held a good one, for which, as for countless former services, Shakspearean students will be grateful to him.

A good deal of attention has lately been paid to the daughters of Louis XV. Attempts have been made by some to prove that one of the six was a saint, by others to prove that three at least were stained with abominable crimes. Both are alike unsuccessful. Mme. Louise appears, from an article by M. Jules Soury in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to have been diseased in mind and body, a mixture of wounded vanity, ambition, casuistry, and intrigue. The others had, in greater or less degree, the merits and defects of the house of Bourbon. Voluptuous and full-blooded, devoted to the pleasures of the table and the chase, with constitutions prone to hereditary disease, and good natural abilities debased by the wretched education of the convent and the Court, and soured by the disappointments of a useless life, they were but ill-fitted to bolster up a falling dynasty, to foster the feeling of loyalty in an exasperated people, to recommend the precepts of Ultramontanism to a nation of sceptics and Encyclopedists. Their influence over their unhappy niece, Marie Antoinette, was for evil, as she herself at last

recognised. Their language was too free for the by no means fastidious courtiers of the eighteenth century. The affection which they bore their father, one of the redeeming traits in their character, deep and self-sacrificing as it was, was too effusive to escape scandal. The little traits which distinguished the sisters, except the scheming devotee Louise, and perhaps the timid Sophie, are well brought out by M. Soury, who is a careful student and able exponent of character. Their dispositions were mainly Bourbon, intermingled with some Polish traits inherited from their mother, Maria Leczinska, whose joyless destiny irresistibly reminds us of Catharine of Braganza, as the records of the Louis Quinze period so often recall the vivid pages of Pepys and the England of his day. The record of their lives is in itself no great contribution to history. The eldest, Elizabeth, became the wife of the third son of Philip V. of Spain, afterwards Duke of Parma, a dissolute, weak-minded prince, who was always out at elbows. She was known as the poor Duchess, and was saved from utter misery by her love for her children, a feature which she shared in common with her father, Louis XV. The others were never married. Mme. Louise, the youngest, retired in 1770 to the Carmelite monastery of St. Denis, her "angel" being Julienne de MacMahon, and became the mainspring of Jesuit intrigues and Ultramontane intolerance, and a passionate collector of all sorts of relics, especially the entire bodies of saints. Only two, Adelaide and Victoire, were living when the Revolution—which their father had but too surely foreseen, and had done his best to render inevitable—burst upon France. They fled to Rome, and, on the approach of the revolutionary armies, to Trieste, where Victoire died in May, 1790. Her sister, the impetuous and masculine Adelaide, did not long survive her, and died in great obscurity on February 18, 1800. All who are interested in the domestic history of the period which preceded the great Revolution should turn to this article. M. Soury has consulted the chief works recently published and a number of inedited documents, and he has invested with wonderful life and reality the biography of these last daughters of the House of France.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

A RECENT Consular Report on the public works of Portugal, tells us that road-making, after some years of activity, is at standstill; a tramway has, within the last few years, been made from Oporto to the mouth of the river Douro, a league away, and is now in full working order; a steam tramway is projected to Villa do Conde, twenty miles north of Oporto, which, besides carrying passengers and goods, may possibly find a profitable source of traffic in the iron ores which exist at the north terminus. It is not, however, as yet publicly established that these ores are rich enough to pay for transport to Great Britain. A line of railway is also being made from Oporto to Braga, and it is intended that the railroad should cross the Douro by a bridge, and connect the northern line with that from Oporto to Lisbon.

We shall certainly have severe measure dealt out to us by posterity, and it is fortunate that those who come after us will be able to vent their spite only on our memories or our bones. We are using all the coal in the earth at an ever-increasing rate, and it now appears that sulphur, in Europe at least, will not hold out much longer. It is estimated that the sulphur in Sicily will be exhausted in from fifty to sixty years. There are about 250 sulphur-mines in the island, producing about 1,800,000 quintals yearly, beside the enormous quantity which is lost through defective methods of working. In 1871, 1,725,000 quintals were exported, of which England took from 500,000 to 600,000, and France about 400,000

quintals. The ore contains from 15 to 40 per cent. of pure sulphur, but the average amount extracted is only 14 per cent. The sulphur fetches at the pit's mouth about 6 fr. 60 c. The estimate of the approaching failure of the supply in Sicily appears to be well-founded, as may be gathered from an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, summarising a report addressed by Signor Parodi to the Italian Government.

Happily, the place of sulphur is in great part supplied by pyrites of iron, which is very cheap and widely diffused, and 800,000 tons of which are used in Europe annually. Pyrites is used for the manufacture of sulphuric acid, and though the iron extracted from it is of very inferior quality, it often yields a considerable quantity of copper, which doubles its commercial value. Again, large quantities of sulphuric acid are used in various manufactures, and pass into the refuse; if this refuse be chemically treated, perhaps as much as 1,000,000 quintals of pure sulphur might be extracted from it. Directly and indirectly, therefore, pyrites will supply the place of sulphur, if the latter fail, as fail it undoubtedly must in Sicily in little more than half a century.

A RICHLY illustrated work on Italy, under the title of *Italien, eine Wanderung von den Alpen bis zum Aetna*, has been announced by Messrs. Engelhorn, of Stuttgart, as ready for the press. From the sample of the letterpress and illustrations that we have seen, we are disposed to regard it as one of the best finished and most perfect works of the kind that has as yet appeared, and the publishers deserve much praise for their enterprise in venturing upon the undertaking. It is to appear in twenty-four numbers, and will contain about 400 pages in all, and upwards of 300 woodcuts, which illustrate the scenery, the customs, dress, and appearance of the people, and the historical, archaeological and other interesting remains of the Italian peninsula.

THE last mail brings the intelligence that the winter in Persia has been unusually severe. Even now the Elburz mountains, lying north of Teheran, are covered with snow, and snow was still lying about Teheran as late as March. The capital had suffered considerably from a very severe thunderstorm, accompanied by a violent wind, which uprooted several large trees and unroofed many houses, damaging a great amount of property. The lightning struck one of the minarets of the city gates leading to the Shamram district, throwing it to the ground and killing a number of asses which were standing under it. This gate was a very fair specimen of modern Persian architecture, though it would not bear comparison with the few existing monuments of the Sassanian period. Its copings were of enamelled tiling and mosaic, so that at a distance it was a very effective object. The harvest for this year of grain, fruit, and grapes is expected to be much above the average. It is reported that part of Baron Reuter's staff for the construction of the railway from Resht to Teheran have left the country.

It is stated that the first collection of the plants of Hongkong ever sent to the British Museum has been forwarded by the Rev. James Lamont. The consignment is composed of 350 specimens, including 53 ferns, all indigenous to Hongkong. Mr. Lamont hopes shortly to be able to send further specimens, so that in course of time a complete collection will doubtless be found in the British Museum Herbarium. It is believed that at present Kew is the only place which possesses anything like a Hongkong collection.

In a recent communication to the Paris Geographical Society, the Abbé Durand, librarian of the Society, gives particulars of the explorations of the chief of the French mission of Loango, in the province of Kacongo. One of the principal rivers of the province, the Chilongo, navigable for steam-boats and row-boats, runs through fertile valleys in the midst of magnificent forests, which fringe the stream from its source to its

junction with the sea. It is the great commercial highway between Mboma and Loanda, and the natives entrust their palm oil to the current enclosed in large tubes tied together seven or eight in a batch. The tide carries them, with their owners, down to Landana, where they are brought to land and sold to Europeans. The other products of the country are brought down on rafts in a similar way. There are five European trading establishments on the river. The palm which produces the oil grows abundantly and without culture, and the natives are entirely employed in getting the oil. Each tree produces, on the average, a quantity of oil valued at from 25 francs to 30 francs per annum. Kacongo, although considered to be a province of Loango, forms a kingdom of itself, and has for its capital Ringuê. The name of the last king was Don Jao Capitaio Mempo; he died some years ago, but his burial has not yet taken place, owing to some foolish custom or superstition prevailing in the country. The nephew, who is heir to the throne, therefore governs under the title of regent until his uncle is buried. His name is Muata Bona.

A PAMPHLET, recently published in Paris by M. Dubuisson, gives interesting details of the extraordinary development of railway communication in Peru. This favoured country, with its variety of climate, its inexhaustible mines, its wonderful flora and fauna, possesses two sources of wealth superior even to these—nitrate of soda and guano. The quantity of nitrate of soda exported rose from 1,300,000 quintals in 1860 to almost 4,000,000 in 1872, while the guano exported, of the value in 1863 of 65,000,000 francs, had risen to 225,000,000 francs in the two years 1871-1872, or an average of 112,500,000 francs per annum. To bring this vast wealth within reach of European enterprise, Peru now possesses, or will shortly possess, eleven lines of railway belonging to the State, and nine to private companies, beside two which are partly public and partly private property, or in all 2,030 miles of railway, constructed at a total cost of about 36,000,000 sterling. The most remarkable of these lines are—that from Callao and Lima to Oroya, about half-finished, a triumph of engineering, which crosses the Andes at a height of 15,000 feet above the level of the sea; that from Cuzco to Juliaca and Puno, 230 miles in length, on the lofty plateau of the Andes, at a mean elevation of 14,000 feet; and that from Mejia to Arequipa and Puno, 339 miles in length, establishing a communication between the Pacific Ocean and Lake Titicaca, 13,902 feet above the level of the sea.

A FRENCH resident in South America has presented to the Museum at Nancy the embalmed head of a slain Indian chief, from the banks of the Amazon, named Micanapita. The head, which has the hair attached, is reduced to about half the original size; and the *Débats* states that there are only eight heads thus embalmed known in European collections. They are worn as trophies by the Jivaros, a tribe of the warlike family of the Guaranis, which is spread over the east of South America. The Jivaros inhabit the countries bordering on the Marayon, especially to the north, where they are dependent on the Republic of Ecuador. They are continually at war with their neighbours, the Aguarunas, and the heads which are subjected to this operation are usually those of Aguaruna chiefs. The head is first boiled, then the skin is detached from the bones, stuffed, and dried by smoking or by means of heated stones. Holes are then bored in it, and it is hung by a cord and decorated with the plumage of humming-birds and long cotton fringes. The general effect is highly artistic, and an extremely elegant trophy is the result; but we are assured that, so far as the object is to preserve the features in a recognisable condition, this mode of embalming is not a success.

FROM a recent report of the Austrian Government on the Vienna Exhibition, we gather the

following interesting particulars respecting the increase of means of communication in various parts of the globe, during the last six years. Lines of telegraph wire have increased from 57,166 to 77,000 geographical miles, and a complete line now runs from San Francisco across the continent of America and the Atlantic, through Europe and Siberia, to the mouth of the Amur on the eastern confines of Asia; while branch lines connect India, Japan and Australia. The mileage of railways has increased during the same period from 24,500 to 37,300 miles; and a calculation has been arrived at that no less than four millions of people are daily conveyed by this species of locomotion. By means of the postal service it is calculated that 3,300 millions of letters circulate annually, or about nine and a quarter millions a day, or 100 a second. In 1860 the value of the exports and imports over the face of the globe, amounted, according to an Austrian statistician, Herr Kolb, to about 15,000 millions of florins, or 1,500 millions sterling; while ten years later, according to a French calculation, it had increased to 23,170 millions of florins, or no less than fifty-four per cent.

JULES JANIN.

It was not only around the grave of Jules Janin, "homme de lettres," as he was ever pleased to call himself, that poets, Academicians, scholars, statesmen, journalists, and comedians, assembled in the morning of last Monday. It was the grave of French criticism, the tomb of that wholly modern art of dissection and analysis that spurs and inspires all others, and which in France appears to be dwindling into bald descriptions and spiritless summaries. Jules Janin and Théophile Gautier lost, there remains no dictator in literature, no supreme judge, scarcely an examiner, save perhaps the pale copy of both—M. Paul de Saint-Victor. The old fearless fanatic lovers of art of the Romantic period, the enthusiasts who would walk through a city alive with revolution to witness a promising *première*, who cut the damp leaves of a new book reverently and amorously—these have disappeared in rapid succession, and their place is likely to remain vacant. Gustave Planche, the greatest, was the first to go; then followed Sainte-Beuve, Théophile Gautier, and Saint-Marc Girardin. Lastly, he who was popularly considered to overtop them all, died a week ago at that sunny villa at Passy, whence bulletins of health had been issued for many months past. The race is extinct for the present: the last man of letters has departed. And, brilliant as the literary era closed by the Empire was in some respects, it was something to remain a man of letters, pure and simple, in the atmosphere of delicate bribery, of fascinating corruption, formed, as it were, by the smoke of fusillades of the *coup d'état*. While poets, professors, journalists, were seeking, or at any rate accepting, sinecures as librarians of libraries that only existed in castles in Spain, as secretaries to gentlemen whose correspondence consisted in *billets doux* and police reports, while unfortunately many of the hands that had penned some of the masterpieces of modern French literature were fumbling furtively in Caesar's privy purse, Jules Janin remained the critic of the *Débats*, accepted Béranger's advice, "Ne dois rien." This should be kept in mind by whoever judges his life and works. Courtied by Imperialists and Orleanists, he maintained a literary integrity that no champion of either side has ever attempted to assail. His cringes and congées were performed to pet writers, never to political patrons. He spoke bold praise of Victor Hugo at a time when to render justice to the author of the *Châtiments* was to insult the author of the *Vie de César*.

The early pages of Jules Janin's biography are blurred and doubtful. He was born at Saint-Etienne in 1804. "Oh, mil huit cent quatre! la belle époque pour naitre!" he wrote with characteristic egotism in one of his prefaces. The sound

classical education he was accustomed to prove rather too frequently and emphatically in the columns of the *Débats* was obtained at the Lyceum of Lyons. In his preface to the *Contes Nouveaux*, Janin narrates how, at fifteen, a prodigy of learning, he was sent to Paris to complete his studies at the Lycée Saint Louis. His father, a provincial barrister, was poor, and an old aunt, of whom Janin makes frequent mention in his letters and autobiographical sketches, offered to defray the expense of a Parisian education. A curious *ménage* was installed on the heights of the Latin—a young, undisciplined, pleasure-loving student, an old provincial bourgeoisie, with one idea, one aim—the happiness, the glory of her “cher Jules.” The exile of Saint-Etienne, however, made but a poor figure at Saint Louis, where his rivals were Boitard, Lermier, Sainte-Beuve, and Lacenaire, the poet murderer, the “Manfred du ruisseau,” as Gautier called him. Janin took no prizes. He was classed among the ne'er-do-weels. “Il faisait de l’Opposition!” Burnouf, his professor, said. He was liberal, with vague Bonapartist leanings, like all the Young France of the Restoration, and complained bitterly that the sword and musket Napoleon had placed in each lycéen’s hand was thrown aside under Louis XVIII. for a crucifix and a breviary. On leaving college he seems to have occupied for some time a stool in a solicitor’s office. But the salary of a lawyer’s clerk was scarcely a month’s revenue for the spendthrift gourmet who was to develop into the editor of the “Classiques de la Table” and the President of the Bacchanalian Caveau. He became a private tutor, giving lessons at five francs an hour “in all the sciences I knew nothing about,” as he subsequently confessed. His temporary profession seems to have yielded considerable profits, for, according to the critic’s own account, his life at that epoch was anything but an ascetic one. With his dog Azoc, with the *grisettes* he has sung with hyperbolic effusion of tenderness, the tutor found time to pay riotous Bohemian visits to Romainville, to sup at Véfour’s in gallant company, and distinguish himself at the most notorious *barrière* balls. His was not a severe scholarly experience; it was an education to fit a man for the easy composition of dessert ditties, rather than the shrewd and elegant criticism of forty years’ literature. His pupils fell away from him every summer, and Janin was obliged at these periods to do penance on homely fare, and in solitude, for the self-indulgence of his seasons of prosperity. He read much during these long lenten days, and curiously enough, his favourite author was Geoffroy, the critic of the First Empire, a very Jeffrey, who denied to the last that Talma was anything nobler than a mountebank. This reading suggested to the pupilless tutor an expedient for setting himself once for all beyond the reach of poverty. He would keep the wolf from the door with a paper barricade—become a journalist. A former schoolfellow presented him to the staff of an insignificant theatrical publication, *La Lognette*, and Janin received the Ambigu Comique as his sphere of dramatic criticism. He contributed to the *Lognette* during eight months. “It was,” he says, “an acrid, bilious sheet. Every day there was a new sarcasm, a new subject of violent indignation. We were all vindictive without hatred, and cruel without knowing it.” At the end of this obscure apprenticeship he passed over to the *Figaro*, which had just been started, and which owes a great part of its early success to Janin’s jovial and aggressive spirit. Here his Orleanist sympathies found free vent. When the Duc de Montmorency was received a member of the Academy, Janin composed a laughable parody of the *discours de réception*, and signed it “Le Duc de Montmorency.” The Duke complained: Janin was ready with an ingenious explanation. He avowed gravely that the fact of the Duke’s election was unknown to him. The burlesque *discours de réception* was that of a Montmorency wine merchant who had just become a *membre* of the

local literary institute. *Barnave* was a retraction, a violent satire on the house of Orleans, albeit M. Janin proclaimed his consistency in these lines: “L’Opposition a été ma vie à moi, comme à d’autres la défense du pouvoir est leur vie. Le premier qui a jeté des paroles d’opposition après Juillet, et qui les a signées, c’est moi.” But the critic forgot to add that before July he prepared and demanded the Revolution. At the time of his engagement on the *Figaro*, Janin published his most celebrated romance, *L’Ane Mort, ou la Femme Guillotinée*. It has always remained doubtful whether this extraordinary composition was designed as a serious literary essay, or as a caricature of the Romantic style. The Romantics accepted it as a profession of faith, and hailed the author as a convert, a new-born fanatic. He was even asked to collaborate in that typical Romantic drama, the *Tour de Neule*.

Janin’s second novel was *La Confession*, a philosophical story worthy of Diderot, and probably suggested by him. Then followed *Barnave*, 1831; a volume of *Contes Fantastiques* and *Contes Littéraires*, 1832; *Contes Nouveaux*, 1833; a series of tales of all countries, begun in 1833 and concluded in 1835; the *Chemin de Traverse*, which is in a great measure a picture of the author’s early experiences, 1836. During all these years his pen was busy in a number of periodicals. He passed from the *Figaro* to the *Quotidienne*, thence to the *Messenger*, and finally to the *Débats*, where without intermission the weekly *feuilleton* bearing the famous initials “J. J.” appeared during forty years. Insensibly, as fame and fortune came to him, his style changed, his task refined, and at the same time grew less exclusive, less subservient to personal and political likings and antipathies. The critic of 1840 was a hard and bitter censor. Jovial companion as he was, he never forgave a slight, an indignity. The gaiety with which he dissected an enemy was the bitterest part of the punishment. He was never in earnest, never held a victim worth the executioner’s serious ire. He struck *en passant*, and humming lightly went his way. Later, however, when his throne was assured, he became *bon prince*—Prince Charmant, Louis Ratisbonne averred in his funeral oration. He was at his ease in that terrible *feuilleton*, that Gautier called a kennel, “en bas du journal.” He gave reins to his vagabond fancy, despatched the new comedy, the new poem in a few gracious words, and roamed where he listed, said what he chose, and quoted when he chose to say nothing. The charm of the literary mosaic thus composed needs no demonstration. It has been felt wherever Jules Janin’s name is known.

The critic had a few rude literary jousts, however, and was not invariably victorious. In his youth he was an intimate friend of Félix Pyat, but having given a political colour to an essay on Joseph Chenier in the *Débats*, the author of the *Chiffonniers* chose to consider the article as a direct provocation. He answered roundly in a pamphlet entitled *Chenier et le Prince des Critiques*, which contained several gems of abusive eloquence like this:—

“A man is cowering in the gutter, dragging himself along, his two hands in the mud, and bespattering you. You approach him angrily, and see that he is maimed, is but a helpless trunk, and pitying, you stretch out your hand to him to help him from the filth. Well, here is another, crouching monstrously in his *feuilleton*, using his pen to soil and spoil all that is good and beautiful, to bespatter all that is pure, to revile all that is great. You approach to chastise him: you seize him by the body, and you feel nothing beat under his ribs—nothing, on either side, nothing. Well, he also is maimed, infirm, incurable, ten times more to be pitied than the other: he has no heart.”

For this piece of prose M. Pyat was, on Janin’s complaint, condemned to two years’ imprisonment. Nestor Roqueplan, the wit, the gay paradoxical author of *Parisine*, was another relentless opponent of Jules Janin; and M. Jacquot, *alias* De

Mirecourt, made him the subject of one of his most uncompromising libels. Once, at least, in his life the critic excited all Paris against him. In an article of ten columns, in 1841, he informed the world that he was about to marry, described his future wife, debated the question of Marriage versus Art, quoted the letters of felicitation he had received—one from Chateaubriand, another from Lamartine, a benediction from the Archbishop of Paris, etc. The indecency of these confidences raised a general chorus of hisses, and for a fortnight the Prince des Critiques was unpopular.

Jules Janin leaves behind him abundant evidences of his industry and versatility. Few of his works, save *L’Ane Mort*, *Barnave*, *la Confession*, and the *Gaietés Champêtres*, have become at all popular. Janin was essentially a *feuilletoniste*, he could connect nothing, fill no broader frame than those few columns of the *Débats*. After the works above named, the best known among the fifty-eight volumes signed by him are, *Un Cœur pour Deux Amours*, *le Prince Royal*, *Un Hiver à Paris*, *L’Été à Paris*, *Clarisse Harlowe*, *la Religieuse de Toulouse*, and a translation of Horace, which was his labour of love. More than a year ago the intellect that found rest in it was to all intents and purposes extinct. A monstrous obesity, against which Janin had been battling for the last fifteen years, appears to have stifled his faculties one by one. His last published work is *Paris et Versailles il y a Cent Ans*, which followed at a year’s interval some uninteresting sketches of the provinces after the war. I believe that a considerable portion of the memoir on which the critic was engaged had been saved from the *auto da fé* he made of all his manuscripts some eight months ago. A collection of his chief dramatic criticisms has been published recently under the title *Histoire de la Littérature Dramatique*. In addition to these works, Janin is said to have written more than a hundred notices and prefaces, and to have been an active contributor to fourteen periodical publications. EVELYN JERROLD.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature and Art.

- CLARKE, J. F. Autobiographical Recollections of the Medical Profession. Churchill.
 GILLMORE, P. Prairie and Forest: a description of the Game of North America, with personal adventures in their pursuit. Chapman & Hall. 12s.
 HEAD, B. V. On the Chronological Sequence of the Coins of SYRACUSE. J. Russell Smith.
 KENNEDY, B. H. The Birds of Aristophanes translated into English Verse, with Introduction, Notes, and Appendices. Macmillan.
 NORDPOLARFAHRT, die zweite deutsche, in den Jahren 1869 und 1870, unter Föhr. d. Kapitän K. Koldevey. 1. Bd. Erschlenender Theil. 2. Abth. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 3 Thl.
 WORDSWORTH’S Tour in Scotland in 1803, in company with his Sister and S. T. Coleridge; being the Journal of Miss Wordsworth, now for the first time made public. Edited by Principal Shairp, LL.D. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

History.

- HAMILTON, Sir F. W. The Origin and History of the First or Grenadier Guards. Murray. 63s.
 HOFFBAUER, Captain. The German Artillery in the Battles near Metz. Translated by Captain Holist, R.A. King. 21s.
 JUNGFER, H. Untersuchung der Nachrichten über Friedrich I. griechische und normannische Politik bis zum Wormser Reichstage. Berlin: Weber. 4 Thl.
 ROEHMERT, B. Beiträge zur Geschichte der Kreuzzüge. 1. Bd. Berlin: Weidmann.
 SCHMIDT, de expeditionibus a Demetrio Poliorceta in Graeciam susceptis. Berlin: Calvary. 12 Ngr.
 SCHUM, W. Vorstudien zur Diplomantik Kaiser Lothars III. Halle: Waisenhans. 3 Thl.

Science.

- WUNDT, W. Grundzüge der physiologischen Psychologie. 2. Hälfte. Leipzig: Engelmann. 23 Thl.

Philology.

- ANDRESEN, G. De vocabulorum apud Tacitum collocatione. Berlin: Weber. 4 Thl.
 BEITRÄGE zur vergleichenden Sprachforschung auf dem Gebiete der arischen, celtischen, und slawischen Sprachen, hrsg. von A. Kuhn. 8. Bd. 1. Hft. Berlin: Dümmler. 14 Thl.
 DELBRUECK, B. Das altindische Verbum. Halle: Waisenhans. 2 Thl.
 PAPPENHEIM, de Sexti Empirici librorum numero et ordine. Berlin: Weber. 4 Thl.
 PRAETORIUS, F. Beiträge zur Erklärung der Himerischen Inschriften. 3. Hft. Halle: Waisenhans. 4 Thl.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EVE AND THE RIB.

Oxford: June 22, 1874.

I have read with great interest the important remarks of Professor Kleinert in the ACADEMY of June 6, on a possible connexion between the name of Eve and an ancient pre-Semitic word for rib. I do not say that I feel convinced, but I should not be surprised if further researches in Babylonian language and mythology were to confirm the bold conjecture of the learned theologian. Professor Kleinert was not unaware of another solution of the riddle, which Mr. Stanley Lane Poole suggests to him at the end of his letter (ACADEMY, June 20). Mr. Stanley Lane Poole thinks that the reason why the rib in particular was chosen for the honour of forming the first woman was, that Adam could more easily spare a rib, than the bone of a leg or an arm. This was the very solution which I had ventured to hint at in my *Introduction to the Science of Religion*, p. 47: "Let such an expression as 'thou art bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh,' be repeated for a few generations only, and a literal, that is to say, a material and deceptive interpretation would soon spring up, and people would at last bring themselves to believe, that the first woman was formed from the bone of the first man, or from a rib, for the simple reason, it may be, because it could better be spared than any other bone." It was against this very explanation, which seemed to him and to other theologians to smack too much of the old rationalising school, that Professor Kleinert advanced his rhemato-mythological explanation.

MAX MÜLLER.

SCIENTIFIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

8 Altenburg Gardens, Clapham Common, S.W.:
June 20, 1874.

Looking over the Schliemann, and some other almost equally bad recent photographs, I can only believe that scientific men to whom photography would be useful are hardly aware that it is so simplified by recent practical discoveries, as to put it quite within the power of any tourist or student of archaeology, geology, or any other science in need of illustration, to carry in the compass of a foot cube all the apparatus and material needed, and to learn (with average common sense) all the operations involved in the simplest forms of the art in two or three hours' application.

I should be most happy to put any student of science in the way of judging of the truth of what I say, without any further expense or trouble than is involved in a visit of an hour, any bright day when I am at home. This certainly is a subject on which "they who have light should impart it," and I shall be only too happy to put what I know at the service of science.

W. J. STILLMAN.

CHAUCER'S "JAKK OF DOVERE."

London: June 23, 1874.

In the "Cokes Prologue" "oure host" says to the "coke":—

"And many a Jakk of Doevere hastow sold,
That hath be twyes hoot and twyes cold."

Tyrwhitt and Thomas Wright confess that they do not know what a "Jakk of Dovere" means, and Bell can only think of the jack fish, saying that "Dover may have been celebrated for them!"

Is the following attempt at explanation any better than Bell's?

Thomas Bitton, Bishop of Exeter, who died in A.D. 1303, had a cook named John of Dover. This cook was so much esteemed by the bishop (of course, *qua* cook) that he left him a legacy of 40 shillings by his will (i.e. at least 60*l.*). (See page 33 of the Accounts of the executors of this

bishop, just delivered by the Camden Society to its members.)

Now the bishop was a peer of the realm, had his palace in London, came up there periodically, and brought his *chef* with him; and this John of Dover, profiting by his opportunities, may have made himself a fame in London for some masterpiece of his art, called by the Londoners from his name a "Jakk of Dovere." HENRY C. COOTE.

THE AUXILIARY "DO."

3, St. George's Square, N.W.

Dr. Richard Morris, in his excellent *Historical Outlines of English Accidence*, p. 192, says that "Lydgate is the earliest writer I know of, that uses the modern construction of *do* and *did* as tense auxiliaries." But I find *did* thus used, and that often, nearly 100 years before Lydgate (1400-1440), by Robert Manning, of Brunne, who in the first part of his *Chronicle* (A.D. 1338), which I am editing for the Rolls Series, says that Geoffrey of Monmouth translated his *Chronicle* from Breton:

"fro Breton speche he *did* remue, (164)
& made it alle in Latyn."

Again, when Octavus gives his daughter to Maximian, Manning says:—

"Of his daughter he *dide* hym sese, (6388)
Wip al be reome ilkald . . .
Conan was wroþ . . .
Octavus, his em, he gan manace,
& Maximien wip werre *did* chace, (6394).

These are clearly instances of the auxiliary, and not the usual early causative use of the verb. That the auxiliary use sprang naturally, as well as historically, from the causative use, is clear, from the maxim, *Qui facit per alium, facit per se*, from such passages as the following:—

"Men of gode zede beym amonge,
Dide þem acorde in loue & pes, (6403)
He *dide* somonne alle his barons, (6423)
Awey to chace, & felle, be Bretons.
Tentes & pavilions he sette,
Engyns *dide* make & fette (14622)
Þenne *dide* he [Arthur] seke alle be Bretons,
Eries, knyghtes, & barouns, (13986)
& *dide* þem carie to þer contres . . .
He tok þe body of þe Emperour,
& *dide* hit kepe at gret honour,
& sent hit to Rome to do in graue."

Can any reader produce instances of the auxiliary *did* or *do*, before A.D. 1338?

F. J. FURNIVALL.

ENGLISH SURNAMES.

Norton Canon: June 22, 1874.

Although an interest in English family names is very generally felt, and much has lately been written on the subject, we are still a long way from possessing any systematic treatise of real authority. No attempt, so far as we know, has yet been made to localise names, though few can have failed to notice that the nomenclature of a district is often as distinct as its physical features. Of course we are all aware that

"By Tre, Pol and Pen,
You may know Cornishmen,"

and that Wales abounds in patronymics of the simplest sort to a very embarrassing extent; but it is probable that a little research would enable us to assign a vast number of our family names to particular divisions—in some instances to particular counties—of England. Thus, among the lower and middle classes of Herefordshire the most prevalent names are, as might be expected, Davis, Evans, Bevan, Preece, Price, Pugh, Pye, Williams, Willym and Guillim, Jones, Harris, Tomkins, Watkins, Probert, Roberts, Prichard, Richards, &c. *hoc genus omne*. The bearer of any one of these

names possesses only a very vague clue to his local origin, but it is otherwise in the case of those names which are derived directly from places within the county, as, for example, Brimfield, Bodenham, Hargest, Hereford, Kinnersley, Lingen, Llanwarne, Pembridge (and Pember), Ross, and Whitney. All these are names which occur in Herefordshire frequently, and perhaps most of them may be termed indigenous. A third class comprises names identical with those borne by ancient lords of the soil, and implying that their present owners are more or less remotely connected with those lords. Examples of this class are becoming rare, but we still meet with the following: Baskerville, Dabitot, Dillehay (and Delahay), Delabere (spelt variously), Savaker and Savigay (from Sanacre), Skidmore or Scudamore, and Pantall (which seems to be a corruption of Pantulf). Lastly, there are certain names which are common within a very limited district, but do not fall under any of the above heads. Herefordshire affords the following examples, which of course might be increased in number:—Deyos, Galliers, Gomond, Gurmin, Meats, and Pinches. If antiquaries would take the trouble to collect and classify the family names which occur in their parish registers, and in the districts best known to them, some progress might be made towards a scientific treatise on the subject.

C. J. ROBINSON.

The EDITOR will be glad if the Secretaries of Institutions, and other persons concerned, will lend their aid in making this Calendar as complete as possible.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- SATURDAY, June 27, 1 p.m. Sale at Christie's of the Collection of Pictures and Drawings of the late J. Crossingham, Esq. . . .
3.45 p.m. Royal Botanic.
- MONDAY, June 29, 1 p.m. Sale at Sotheby's of the Collection of Coins, Antiquities, &c., of Mr. C. R. Taylor.
8 p.m. Seventh Philharmonic Concert: Madame Essipoff (St. James's Hall).
" Mr. Sims Reeves' Benefit Concert (Royal Albert Hall).
- TUESDAY, June 30, 3.30 p.m. Statistical: Anniversary.
2 p.m. Royal Horticultural: Meeting of Council.
- WEDNESDAY, July 1, 1 p.m. Royal Horticultural.
3 p.m. Madame Nilsson's Concert (St. James's Hall).
8 p.m. Obstetrical.
" First night of *Led Astray* at the Gaiety.
" Anthropological Institute: Col. Lane Fox on the Principles of Classification in his Archaeological Collection.
- FRIDAY, July 3, 1 p.m. Sale at Sotheby's of Rare and Valuable Prints.
4 p.m. Archaeological Institute.
8 p.m. Geologists' Association.

SCIENCE.

The Universe and the coming Transits. By R. A. Proctor. (London: Longmans & Co., 1874.)

PERHAPS there is no more reprehensible practice than that, so common at the present time, of reprinting without adequate revision disconnected magazine articles; and though Mr. Proctor's latest book shows more signs of careful correction than is usual in such productions, there is an absence of connected argument which detracts much from the value of the work, whilst unnecessary repetitions severely try the reader's patience. As its title implies, the book treats of two totally disconnected subjects. The first portion is a sequel to those parts of Mr. Proctor's essays on Astronomy which give the author's extremely valuable specula-

tions on the constitution of the sidereal system, and it is much to be regretted that he has not seen fit to present us with a complete treatise on this important subject, instead of leaving his readers to glean their information as best they can. But Mr. Proctor has made the subject so thoroughly his own, that it is well worth a reader's while to devote a little time to the perusal of these essays.

The question of the distribution of the stars is one of great difficulty, and the most we can hope for at present is a provisional theory, which will enable us to co-ordinate phenomena and suggest lines of research, whilst our results will be unaffected by its truth or falsehood. So long as we confine ourselves to laying down the places of stars on maps or charts, we are treading on firm ground; but as soon as we attempt to fix their position in space, we are thrown into the region of speculation. Astronomers of the present day have, however, two points of advantage over Sir W. Herschel and the early students of this question. In the first place, the distances of a few stars are now known with more or less accuracy, and, what is even more important, we have now some idea of our own motion in space, for it is evident that the only means of determining the distribution of objects in space is by shifting our own position with respect to them.

Before the parallax of any star was determined, it seemed reasonable to assume (notwithstanding the existence of binary systems with unequal components) that the fainter stars were on the whole much farther from us; and starting with this assumption, Sir W. Herschel was led, from a consideration of the clustering of small stars about the Milky Way, to conclude that the sidereal system might be represented by a cloven disc, whilst his son preferred to consider it a cloven ring. Sir W. Herschel afterwards modified his views considerably, and finally relinquished this theory, without, however, substituting any other in its place. In fact, it is evident that in the absence of any knowledge as to the real size of stars differing greatly in apparent brightness, we are not justified in assuming that a great condensation of small stars indicates a great extension of the sidereal system in that direction, so that any such figure as Sir W. Herschel gave is really only to be looked upon as a graphical representation of his star gauging. Some of the clusters themselves, consisting as they do of stars of widely different orders of magnitude, afford strong internal evidence that faintness is no test of distance, for it is hardly conceivable that they should be enormously long cylinders or spindles, turned in every case exactly toward us. Now, taking advantage of the additional knowledge which we now have of the stars, and availing himself of the method of graphical representation which has done such good service to science, Mr. Proctor has started a new theory, which is, at any rate, not inconsistent with facts so far, and which may well be accepted provisionally as a guide in further researches. The fundamental idea on which Mr. Proctor's hypothesis is based, is that there are streams of stars of all sizes and in all stages of

formation (including in this category the nebulae both resolvable and irresolvable), which are all moving in one direction, and which, therefore, have some physical connexion; whilst other streams contiguous to those are moving in a different direction. Though this theory is plausible, it must be remembered that the evidence in its favour is but very slight, for a stream is a very elastic term, and by the aid of a little imagination almost any accidental arrangement of stars may be grouped into a stream; but after making due allowance for this, there can be no question that Mr. Proctor's argument acquires some force when it is found that the stars of any one stream have a common proper motion. Dr. Huggins's researches on the motions of certain stars in the direction of the visual line have also been enlisted with some effect by Mr. Proctor on his side, but too much stress ought not to be laid on these extremely difficult observations.

One point it seems to me that Mr. Proctor has established with some clearness, viz., that stars of all orders of magnitude are to be found physically connected, and this is, no doubt, a great step gained. Though many astronomers have long inclined to this view, Mr. Proctor has the merit of having summed up the evidence in its favour with great care and completeness, and especially of having skilfully applied the doctrine of chances to the recently determined proper motions of stars of different magnitude. With regard to the distribution of nebulae, Sir J. Herschel long ago remarked that they were grouped chiefly along a great circle perpendicular to the Milky Way, and Mr. Proctor now supplements this by pointing out that they are markedly deficient along a zone nearly coincident with the Galaxy, and these facts are well brought out in the charts by Mr. Sidney Waters, given in this work. Our knowledge of the nebulae is still so limited that it seems to me premature to speculate on the cause of this distribution; at any rate, I feel great difficulty in understanding how the balance of attractions in the Milky Way could check the clustering power, and prevent a cluster from being condensed into a nebula in the way suggested by Sir W. Herschel, and adopted by Mr. Proctor. But, as I have previously intimated, the constructive part of Mr. Proctor's work is based on a somewhat insecure foundation, and, in fact, the whole subject lies at present rather in the region of metaphysical speculation than in the domain of scientific enquiry.

A few words must suffice for the second portion of this book, as no useful purpose can be served by discussing a question which is already decided. The recently published report of the *Challenger* furnishes a complete reply to Mr. Proctor's attacks on the officers of the Admiralty and on the Astronomer Royal. The greatest difficulty has been experienced by Capt. Nares in approaching the Antarctic Circle, and after encountering serious risk, he has discovered that no land whatever exists in the neighbourhood of the chimerical stations for which Mr. Proctor has been at the pains to calculate the circumstances of the Transit of Venus. From the first, the selection of stations has been a purely practical question,

though Mr. Proctor has failed to recognise this; but I presume that even he would hardly propose that a party of British astronomers should attempt to land their instruments on an iceberg. On the strength of the report from the *Challenger*, the Germans have at once given up the idea of occupying Heard Island.

It is difficult to understand by what train of reasoning Mr. Proctor has persuaded himself, and has attempted to persuade the general public, that his plans have been adopted; in an article on the Transit of Venus, in the *ACADEMY* for March 28, I have sufficiently explained how completely the Astronomer Royal has adhered to his original programme, which was the subject of Mr. Proctor's attacks from the very first.

There is one more point, on which Mr. Proctor lays much stress, but which admits of ready explanation. The Astronomer Royal suggested the occupation of an Antarctic station in 1882, under the impression that a stay of a few hours only would be sufficient; the naval authorities afterwards informed him that it would be necessary for a party to winter there, and in view of the risks to which they would be exposed, he declined to recommend such an expedition to the Government. W. H. M. CHRISTIE.

The Former Linguistic Unity of the Indo-Germanic Races of Europe. [Die ehemalige Spracheinheit der Indogermanen Europas: eine sprachgeschichtliche Untersuchung. Von August Fick. (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck und Ruprecht's Verlag, 1873.) Pp. vi. 432. 8vo.]

FOR the sake of those readers of the *ACADEMY* who have not the time to watch closely the current of philological enquiry, it will not be out of place here to state that the above book owes its origin, mainly, to the publication a short time ago, by Johannes Schmidt, of a very clever little work, entitled *Die Verwandtschaftsverhältnisse der indogermanischen Sprachen* (Weimar, 1872), in which he makes an attack on the genealogical classification of those languages. The latter, as it stands in the work before us, and as it is now generally received, is to the following effect:—The ancient Japhetic nation, otherwise called Aryans, Indo-Europeans, or Indo-Germans, divided itself into Aryans and Europeans: the former subdivided themselves into the nations of India and of Iran, and the latter into a northern and southern branch. Of these, the former branched into the Teutonic nations and the Letto-Slaves (whence the Lithuanians and Slavonians), and the latter into the Celtic and the Greco-Italic nations (whence Greeks and Italians). Now, Schmidt objects to the idea of a genealogical tree *in toto*, and proposes in its stead a kind of geographical basis of classification, which will be best appreciated when laid before the reader in his own way, as follows:—

"The metaphor, also, of a plane inclining in an unbroken line from Sanskrit to Celtic seems to me not unsuitable. As to linguistic boundaries within this area, originally there were none. Two dialects, A and X, situated at any distance you please from one another, stood connected by continuous varieties, B, C, D, &c. The appearance of linguistic

boundaries—or, to abide by our metaphor, the transformation of the inclined plane into a flight of steps—I regard in my own mind as that which took place when a race or stock speaking, say, the variety F, gained, as the result of political, religious, social, or other conditions, the upper hand over its nearest neighbours. By these means the linguistic varieties G, H, I, K, in the one direction, and E, D, C, in the other, were suppressed by F and supplanted by it. This having taken place, F bordered immediately on B on the one side and on L on the other; these sides, with their intermediate varieties, having been in the one instance raised, and in the other lowered, to the level of F. Thus well-defined boundaries had been drawn between F and B on the one side and between F and L on the other; that is, a step had taken the place of the inclined plane. Such a thing, we need hardly say, has often enough happened in historic times. I will only mention the ever-growing power of Attic Greek, gradually thrusting the dialects altogether out of the written language; the language of the city of Rome stifling all the other Italian dialects; and modern High German, destined perhaps to complete, at no distant date, the like extinction of the German dialects.

This is ingenious, but would, had we to accept it, tend to tie the hands of the student of comparative philology, who has been in the habit of regarding as proved the genealogical connexion of the various Japhetic languages: substitute for this their mere juxtaposition, together with an indefinite original relationship, and the field of philological enquiry is robbed of its subsoil and, with that, of its prospect of bountiful harvests of future results. For, as Schmidt says (p. 28), you no sooner consign to the realms of myth the so-called original languages constructed in modern times, such as the European, North-European, Slavo-Germanic, South-European, Greco-Italic or Italo-Celtic, than the mathematical certainty disappears, which was believed to have been already attained for the work of reconstructing the Indo-Germanic mother-speech.

Now, the brunt of Schmidt's logic is directed against the Letto-Slavic branch of the genealogical tree. Agreeing with other scholars that the languages in question are nearer akin to the Germanic than to any other European tongues, he attempts to show that neither can they, on the other hand, be severed from the Aryan family of speech, any more than we find Europe and Asia separated by well-defined landmarks in a geographical sense. This he rests mainly on the striking coincidence in the reduction of Japhetic *k* in certain words into a sibilant—that is, where in the Aryan languages it becomes *ç* on the one hand, and *sz* (= English *sh*) in Lithuanian and *s* in Slavonic on the other,—as, for instance, in Skr. *çata*, Lith. *szimta-s*, O. Bulg. *szto*, Gr. *ç-karo-r*, Lat. *centu-m*, Welsh *cant*, Eng. *hund-red*. Now the coincidence, of which we have here given only one instance, it is agreed on all hands, cannot be the result of accident; nor is it attempted to show that Schmidt's conclusion does not naturally flow from his premises. But his way of reasoning had been foreshadowed some time ago in Ascoli's *Corsi di Glottologia*, and so, in fact, had the answer to it (as will be seen by anyone who will take the trouble to turn to page 56 of that work), although it remained to be laid *nettement posé* before the general reader by

the clear-headedness of M. Havet in the *Revue Critique* for Nov. 23, 1872, and to be worked out at length by Dr. Fick in the work before us. It turns out, then, that all is not right with Schmidt's premises; for instead of a *k* in the Japhetic mother-speech, "il est certain," as Havet has it, "qu'il y avait un *k*₁ et un *k*₂," which Ascoli writes *k*¹ and *k*². Here they will be represented by *γ* and *k*, or *γ* and *k*², for it would seem that *k* was represented by *k*² in the common language of the Japhetites of Europe in all instances. Thus from a Japhetic *deyan* we have Skr. *daçan*, O. Bulg. *desen-it*, Greek *δισα*, Lat. *decem*, O. Welsh *dea*, Gothic *taihun*, Eng. *ten*; whereas from *katur* the forms are Skr. *catvar*, Lith. *ketur-i*, Gr. *τετρας*, *τεσσαρες* and *τεσσαρε*, Lat. *quatuor*, Welsh *pedwar*, Goth. *fidvor*, Eng. *four*. That is to say, instead of reasoning from the supposed agreement of certain languages in capriciously treating one and the same sound in two ways to their common descent, we start from their agreeing, or nearly agreeing, in treating one sound uniformly in one particular way; and, as this may be merely fortuitous, we fail, of course, to arrive at the former conclusion, not to mention that there are on the other hand good reasons for ranging the Letto-Slavic languages with those of Europe and not of Asia; so that, so far, the genealogical tree may be said to stand intact and unshaken. Of course everything here depends on establishing the existence in the mother-speech of *γ* and *k*, and Dr. Fick spares no pains to do so: in connexion with this we may add that the second chapter of the present book, occupying no fewer than seventy-seven pages, is made up of lists of words showing where *γ* and where *k* occurred in the common vocabulary of the Japhetites of Europe, which may be regarded as an important improvement on the author's *Vergleichendes Wörterbuch*, where they had been promiscuously given. Returning to the first chapter, the reasoning, which I have just tried to sketch, is supplemented by vocabularies of all the words hitherto supposed to be common only to Teutons and Aryans and to Letto-Slaves and Aryans; and whereas Schmidt found them to be fifteen and sixty-one respectively, Fick sets them down as eighty-two and sixty-five, maintaining that his opponent went to work on different principles in the formation of the two lists.

Owing to the great regularity with which Welsh distinguishes between the representatives of *γ* and *k* (or *k*²), a good deal of the discussion in the first chapter of the present work had to be carried on on Celtic ground, but we hardly expected Dr. Fick, who had hitherto invariably fought shy of *re Keltikón*, to gird himself for this part of the field. However, he has done so, and, on the whole, acquitted himself very creditably; but I cannot resist the temptation to call attention here to two or three minor points. He confesses his ignorance as to whether the rule, that *k*² (Latin *qu*) should become *p* in Welsh, obtains without any exceptions. Unfortunately it does not: witness the words *cam*, "crooked," from *KAM*; *clwyd*, "sword," from *KALDA*; *cos-i*, "to itch," from *KAD*, *KANDATI*; *carw*, "stag," is not to be added, as being possibly a Latin loan-word. O. Welsh *pui*, Irish *cía*, is not exactly to be

equated with Latin *qu*-s; for it reflects letter for letter the Latin *qui*, *quæ*, as explained by Schleicher, for *quæ-i*, *quæ-i*. As to *coqu-a* and *quingue* having been formed from **pogu-o* and **pingue*, it is quite enough to have to accept this kind of assimilation once, and it is too much to be asked to admit it also in the case of the O. Irish *cóic*, "five," for **cōinc*. Now, if these words had *p* as their initial in the common language of the Celts before their separation, it ought to have entirely disappeared in Irish and Welsh; but the latter still has *pob-i*, "to bake," and *pump*, "five," so we are driven to postulate the Italo-Celtic forms *kak* and *kēnk*.

It has been usual to divide the Celts into Goidelic or Irish on the one hand and Gaulish or Britons on the other, owing mainly to the fact that the Celts of Britain and Gaul agree in using *p* for European *k*², whereas the Irish reduce it to *c*. Hitherto, however, a near relation has not been asserted between us Welsh and the Italians who said *pis* for Latin *quis*, or the Greeks who said *πεντε* where we use *pedwar*, "four;" nor, as far as I know, has a counter-classification been based on the fact that Irish and Gaulish agree in using *s* where we have *k*. The nature of the chief argument Fick has to deal with in this work ought to have made him hesitate to speak of Irish and Gallo-British Celts; on the other hand the gulf between archaeologists and philologists in this country is a sufficient excuse for his ignorance of the fact that the earliest representative of *k*² is not *p* in Wales and *c* in Ireland, but *q* or *qv* on both sides of the Irish Sea, as attested by our most ancient inscriptions. It would, perhaps, be not too much to say that the Celts of Wales had no *p* in their language up to the end of the fifth century; the first sure instance of its use occurs in Gildas' *Vortipore* in the middle of the sixth century, and even then *q* had probably not gone entirely out of use in such forms as *maq*¹, later *map* and *mab*, "son," Irish *mac*; nor did the ogmic alphabet which they used recognise it, until a special symbol for it had to be invented in the case of Roman names with *p*: witness the bilingual stone of Turpillus at Glannusk Park near Crickhowel. Let us hope that the time has come for the Irish and Gallo-British Celts to wheel about into harmony with geography into continental and insular Celts.

In his third chapter our author discusses the position in which the Greeks stood with respect to the Aryans, and supplements his remarks with lists of words common only to Italians and Aryans and to Greeks and Aryans, which he makes out to be 65 and 108 against the 20 and 99 which Schmidt had found; it is right to say that both are agreed in attributing the excess in favour of the Greeks, partly to the fact of their having committed their language to writing much earlier than their kinsfolk in Italy. Having thus tried to dispose of the alleged merging of the languages of the Letto-Slaves and of the Greeks into those of Iran, the author proceeds to prove in the next chapter the unity among themselves of the Japhetites of Europe by calling attention to a number of nouns which appear under different forms in European and Aryan languages. The two succeeding chapters are devoted to the discus-

sion of the development of *e* and *l* in the former: both are accompanied with very valuable vocabularies. In the seventh chapter we have a sketch, after the manner of Pictet in his *Origines Indo-européennes*, of the state of the ancient Japhetites as gathered from the evidence of language, which appears, possibly, more meagre than it need as far as concerns agriculture, if we may venture to throw into the scale the probable identity of the Welsh *haidd*, "barley," and Skr. *sasya*, Zend *hahya*, "corn." Then follows a similar sketch of the European branch, showing considerable progress in vocabulary, which is assumed to be the index of corresponding material progress realised since its separation from the original stock. The list appended of words belonging in common to the Japhetites of Europe, and unknown to the Aryans, takes up ninety-nine pages, which will serve as a revised edition of the corresponding portion of the author's Dictionary. In the eighth and last chapter, before recapitulating, he disposes of all temptation to regard either the Scythians of Herodotus or the Phrygians and Thracians as forming connecting links between Aryans and Europeans, the former being shown to belong in a pronounced degree to Iran, and the latter to Europe.

Finally, the entire work, though inadequately corrected for the press, may be characterised as a merging into one volume a future edition of the author's Dictionary and Pictet's great work posted up to date, with a polemical tinge imparted to the whole.

JOHN RHYS.

The Pedigree of the Masoretic Text of the Old Testament. By A. Kuenen. (Amsterdam, 1874. Reprinted from the Transactions of the Royal Academy of Sciences.)

At the June meeting of the Dutch Academy of Sciences, a paper was read by Professor Kuenen on a hypothesis of Professor de Lagarde relative to the archetype of all Old Testament MSS., which appeared in the *Götting. gelehrte Anzeigen* for 1871, and excited some attention in the learned world. The hypothesis was noticed briefly by myself in the ACADEMY for August 15, 1871, where I remarked that it was "not at all impossible that this passage" [from an Arabic text, full of anachronisms, on which Professor de Lagarde bases his hypothesis] "may contain a kernel of truth." The tradition referred to is to the effect that after the capture of Bithur, the last refuge of Bar Cochba, in A.D. 135, the principal Jews fled to Bagdad (Babylon). They took with them the Thora (i.e. a MS. of the Old Testament), of which they caused copies to be made, and sent out from Bagdad to all Jewish communities. But the text was no longer in its original form. Even before the capture of Jerusalem by Titus, the high priests Annas and Caiaphas had made an alteration in Genesis by subtracting 1,000 years from the total of the ages of the patriarchs, so as to be able to deny that Messiah had appeared. And this corruption has consequently made its way into all MSS. of the Hebrew text. It seems to be based upon a Jewish prophecy that Messiah should appear five days and a half (i.e. 5500 years) after the Creation. By diminishing

the ages of the patriarchs, the priests were enabled to assert that Jesus of Nazareth could not be the promised Messiah, because a long period had still to elapse before the fulfilment of the prophecy.

The arguments of Professor Kuenen, in the pamphlet at the head of this article, have convinced me that my former view expressed in the ACADEMY was erroneous, so far as my acceptance of the falsification of the Hebrew text is concerned. The prophecy that Messiah should appear in the year 5500 of the Creation is almost certainly not older than the third century of our era; whereas the numbers in the Masoretic text existed in the time of Josephus, and probably earlier. This is successfully maintained by Professor Kuenen in sections 2 and 4 of his pamphlet. In section 3 he tries to show that such an alteration of the ciphers as Professor de Lagarde supposes can never have been an object with Jewish apologists. At least, it would have been very imprudent to alter them in such a way as to fix the birth of the Nazarene exactly in the year 4000.

But the question remains, does the rejection of the latter part of the Arabic tradition involve that of the former, i.e. of the assertion that the current Hebrew MSS. are derived from copies of the single MS. brought from Bithur to Babylon? It is true that the narrative in which this assertion occurs is replete with errors and anachronisms, though Professor Kuenen is not quite accurate in stating (p. 7) that "Annas and Caiaphas are made contemporaries of the event, i.e. placed thirty or forty years too late." In the Arabic it is only said that the alteration of the text took place before the conquest of Jerusalem by Titus. And Professor Kuenen treats the anachronism, Bagdad for Babel, more severely than it deserves. But it is difficult to find any better explanation of the fact, that while different recensions of the text were still in existence in the first century A.D., or, as Professor Kuenen says, "the period of free handling of the text and of growing licence" was not yet past, the Masoretic text was the *textus receptus* at least as early as the third century. How and when was it raised to this eminence?

Professor Kuenen states his opinion thus (p. 43 foll.):—

"The view that the first MS. which came to hand, corrected here and there in the most arbitrary way, was constituted the standard copy is without any reasonable foundation. We may also bring this negative result into the form of a positive proposition thus: the Masoretic text is the product of a selection from the existing material. When I add of a selection not unfrequently intelligent and successful, I am not going beyond facts."

I reply to this, that the Arabic passage referred to contains no such expression as "the first manuscript that came to hand." On the contrary, by the Thora—first of all brought by the priests from Jerusalem to Bithur, and from thence conveyed by the principal Jews of the family of David to Babylon—the writer evidently means the unique copy used in the temple. The tradition knows nothing of accident in the choice of the manuscript for the standard text, or of any other arbitrary corrections than the chronological. Moreover, the as-

sertion that the Masoretic text is the product of a definite selection seems to me incapable of any positive proof. At any rate, the substitution of this for all other recensions requires explanation. And really there is none which so recommends itself in all respects as that of the Arabic paraphrase.

Although Professor Kuenen has proved that the charge of corruption of the Hebrew text in the interests of the Jews as against the Christians is false, the problem of the difference in chronology between the Hebrew, the Greek, and the Samaritan version is still unsolved. Professor Kuenen is the first to admit this, though he evidently inclines in favour of the Masoretic text in this as well as other respects. But the possibility at least remains that the system of the LXX. deserves the preference—i.e., stands nearer to the original one—and consequently that, with reference also to the alterations in the Hebrew text, the language of the Arabic paraphrase contains a kernel of sound tradition, though connected with an utterly distorted explanation.

A Swedish scholar, Mr. Rydberg, has attempted, according to Lieblein (*Recherches sur la Chronologie Egyptienne*, p. 9, &c.), in a work entitled *Urpatriarkenes släktliga i Genesis* (Göteborg, 1870), to prove that the chronology of the patriarchal period is constructed according to the system of the ancient Egyptians. If this proposition, which I do not feel competent to criticise, should turn out to be true, the ciphers of the Hebrew text on which it is founded have gained an incontrovertible witness to their originality, Mr. Rydberg's calculation being entirely inapplicable to the Greek text.

M. J. DE GOEJE.

NOTES AND NEWS.

The Intracellular Development of Blood Corpuscles in Mammals.—At the meeting of the Royal Society, March 19, Mr. E. Schäfer contributed a paper, of which the following is an abstract (*M. J.*, June 1). He says that if the sub-cutaneous connective tissue of the new-born white rat is examined under the microscope in an indifferent fluid, it is found to consist chiefly of an almost homogeneous hyaline ground-substance, which is traversed by a few wavy fibres, and has a considerable number of exceedingly delicate more or less flattened cells scattered throughout the tissue. The cells here spoken of are, of course, the connective tissue corpuscles. Their branches as a rule are few and short, and they are mainly distinguished by the extraordinary amount of vacuolation which they exhibit—by which is meant the formation within the protoplasm of minute clear spherules, less refractive than that substance, and probably, therefore, spaces in it containing a watery fluid. The nuclei, of which there is generally not more than one in each cell, are frequently obscured by the vacuoles; but when visible are seen to be round or oval in shape, and beautifully clear and homogeneous; they commonly contain either one or two nucleoli. It is from these cells that the blood-vessels of the tissue are formed, and within them red, and perhaps also white, blood-corpuscles become developed. Of the vacuolated cells above described, some possess a distinct reddish tinge, either pretty evenly diffused over the whole corpuscle or in one or more patches, the edges of which are shaded off. Others contain either one, two, or a greater number of reddish globules, consisting apparently of haemoglobin. These vary in size from minute specks to spherules as large as, or even larger than the red corpuscles of the adult:

in cells which are apparently least developed, it is common to find them of various sizes in the same cell; whereas cells which are further advanced in development are not uncommonly crowded with haemoglobin globules tolerably equal in point of size, and differing from the adult corpuscle only in shape. It is important to remark that there is at no time an indication of any structure within the globules resembling a nucleus: the nucleus of the cell also appears up to this point at least to undergo no change. In fact, the formation of the haemoglobin globules reminds one rather of a deposit within the cell substance, such as occurs in developing fat cells, the difference being that in the latter case the deposited globules eventually run together into one drop, whereas in the former they remain distinct as they increase in size, and eventually take on the flattened form. Before, however, this change occurs in the haemoglobin globules, the cells containing them elongate, and are soon found each to contain a cavity, within which the globules now lie. This cavity is probably formed by a coalescence of the vacuoles of the cell. The cell now comes to resemble a segment of a capillary, but with pointed and closed extremities: it is of an elongated fusiform shape, and consists of a hyaline protoplasmic wall (in which the nucleus is imbedded) enclosing blood-corpuscles in a fluid—in fact, blood.

The Suctorial Organs of the Blow-fly.—In the last part of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* (June, 1874), Dr. Anthony gives a minute and interesting account of the anatomy of the proboscis of the blow-fly. As usually mounted the organ is strongly compressed, and the relations of its several parts seriously interfered with; but Dr. Anthony has examined them *in situ*, and observes that whilst they have a certain resemblance to the proboscis of an elephant, the insect proboscis has the advantage over that of the mammal in that it can take in fluid not at the distal ends only, but, at the will of the creature, along the whole length of the tube. Along the whole length of the organ is a zig-zag slit or furrow, which is kept open by a series of incomplete chitinous rings, each having at the ends a quasi point and a crescent, which are opposite to each other, and form the framework of the fissure; and the points clothed with investing membrane, projecting opposite to the hollow of the crescent, give the zig-zag effect, which can easily be seen by reflected light. To the extremities of the chitinous rings, Dr. Anthony finds that certain membranes are attached which have a resemblance to a mouse's or bat's ear, and probably act as suckers. The chitinous rings are imbedded in a fleshy material, which he believes to be chiefly muscular, and when brought into action bend the chitinous arches till their extremities are in apposition; the longitudinal furrow is thus closed, and only a series of openings left from the suckers into the pseudo-tracheae, through the crescentic portion. Assuming the elasticity of these chitinous rings as playing a part, then the operation of sucking with the tongue applied to any surface might be thus described. The fleshy lobes of the tongue being forced into close contact with the said surface, the same muscular pressure round the chitinous rings would diminish the calibre of the pseudo-trachea, make it into a tube by closing the longitudinal fissure, and bring the bell-like mouths of what may be regarded as principally the organs of adhesion, into the position and semblance of so many cupping glasses. So arranged, Dr. Anthony thinks that the relaxation of muscular effort would, by allowing of the resiliency of the chitinous rings, cause a vacuum in the tube, and set up a pumping process; and by alternate muscular action, fluid in the pseudo-tracheae would be forced into the oesophagus, while the same pressure would make the adhesion more perfect.

Hypnotism in the Crustacea.—In a paper published in the *Sitzungsberichte der Wiener Akademie* (Band lxxvi., Heft 3, 4 and 5), Professor Johann Czermak relates some curious hypnotic effects he

has observed in certain Crustacea. His attention was drawn to the circumstance by a paper in which it was stated that if the ordinary cray-fish was held firmly in the hand, and some magnetic passes made down its back, care being taken not to touch it, the animal soon became quiescent, and would permit itself to be placed on its head, where, if balanced by its nasal spine and chelae, it would remain for a considerable period. On being unmagnetised, so ran the report, by reverse passes, the animal again resumed its activity. Professor Czermak was induced to study these phenomena a little more closely, and soon found that the magnetic passes had nothing to do with the phenomenon; but the fact remained, that if the animal was firmly held, in spite of some struggling, with its head downwards for some time, it gradually became quiescent, and would long continue balanced in the mode above described, as though it were asleep. The mere retention of the animal upon its back, the first struggling movements being prevented, was followed in the same way by a period of quiescence of considerable duration, from which the creature awoke either spontaneously, or on the application of a strong stimulus. Further experiments showed that all active movements and response to ordinary stimuli, could be prevented in the cray-fish by keeping it forcibly quiet for a time, either by binding it, or by fastening it between wooden pincers for a time. Czermak made some experiments corroborating the well-known action of a chalk line drawn from the beak forwards, or from both eyes outwards, on fowls, and which he says struck him with the utmost astonishment when he first observed its effects, the fowl remaining breathing violently, but perfectly quiet and incapable of reacting to ordinary stimuli. He found, however, that the chalk line was unnecessary, all that was required being to restrain the animal's efforts at escape on being first caught, and then quietly to stretch the neck and put the head in contact with the ground. By this means not only fowls, but geese, ducks, turkey-cocks, and swans, could be rendered quiescent, and apparently made to lose all voluntary control over their movements.

Spontaneous Generation.—At the last meeting of the Société de Biologie de Paris (*Rev. Scient.*, June 6, 1874), M. Onimus presented an apparatus by means of which he had been able to follow the formation of bacteria without the intervention of germs such as are contained, according to M. Pasteur, in the atmosphere. The apparatus in question consists of a flask with three tubules, in which a vacuum is made by filling it with water, and expelling the whole again by prolonged ebullition. One of the tubules ends in a hollow needle that is buried in the heart of a rabbit, or in the interior of an egg. The flask then sucks up some grammes of blood or of albumen. Air is then allowed to enter after filtration through a thick layer of cotton wool. M. Onimus then finds, after the lapse of a few days, that the liquid in the flask contains molecular granulations, and very soon afterwards vibrios and bacteria.

GENERAL MORIN recently exhibited to the French Academy a wonderful ingot of platinum-iridium, composed of 90 per cent. of platinum and 10 per cent. of iridium, and made for the construction of the standard metres to be distributed among the States represented on the International Commission, in conformity with whose instructions the alloy was formed. The ingot weighed 250 kilogrammes, equal to 4 cwt. 3 qrs. 10-155 lb.; its length was 1 metre and 40 centimetres, or rather more than 3 feet 10 inches. The large quantity of platinum necessary for the work was furnished by Mr. Matthey, of London, and the Russian Government assisted in supplying the iridium. Two great difficulties had to be surmounted: one, the equable diffusion of the iridium throughout the bar, as the "remedy" was not to exceed 2 per cent.; and the other, the arrangement of a furnace to supply the required heat. The work was accom-

plished by M. Tresca, with the aid of MM. St. Claire Deville and Debray. The platinum was formed into thin plates, coiled up to hold the iridium, deposited in fine powder. These plates were forged into bars, and the bars melted into ingots weighing from 83 to 90 kilogrammes. These ingots were placed in a crucible of limestone (*calcaire grossier*) and reduced to fusion in seventy minutes by means of seven jets of oxygen combined with coal gas. Thirty-one cubic metres of oxygen and twenty-four cubic metres of coal gas were consumed in the process.

An analysis by M. Deville showed that the ingots first made contained: iron, 0.006; copper, 0.130; rhodium, 0.060; iridium, 10.370; platinum, 89.44: thus the iridium was a little in excess of the remedy, which was rectified in the final process by adding fresh platinum. First, the crucible was charged with 110 kilogrammes of the alloy in lumps, to which the remainder was added in thin plates when fusion had taken place. When the melting was complete, the cover of the crucible was removed, and the metal appeared of a dazzling silver white. The bar finally made by forging was found perfectly homogeneous, and intrinsically worth 260,000 francs.

The iridium was not obtained without danger, on account of its association in the native state with osmium, the most poisonous metal known. M. Debray had his eyes painfully attacked by the osmium fumes, M. Olsment suffered from a cutaneous eruption that only yielded to a succession of sulphur baths, and M. Deville was tormented with violent asthma. He exhibited to the Academy a bottle containing eight kilogrammes of osmium, "enough," he exclaimed, "to poison the universe, as one milligramme of osmium diffused through 100 cubic metres of air renders it irrespirable." The milligramme is $\frac{1}{154}$ of an English grain, and the 100 cubic metres nearly 131 cubic yards.

DR. W. G. FARLOW, of Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A., has recently published, in the Proceedings of the American Academy of Science and Art, an account of some researches made in the botanical laboratory of the University of Strassburg, proving the existence of a remarkable asexual development from the prothallus of *Pteris serrulata*. In the centre of the cushion or thickest part of the prothallus are a number of scalariform ducts, the prothallus bearing a number of antheridia, but no archegonia. From these ducts a leaf is developed directly, after which a root is also developed, and last of all a stem-bud. Dr. Farlow draws a comparison between this growth, which was observed in this species only, and the buds ordinarily produced from the protonema of a moss. Normally the prothallus of a fern is entirely destitute of vascular tissue of any kind.

ONE of the most important educational botanical works recently published is Professor Oliver's *Illustrations of the Principal Natural Orders of the Vegetable Kingdom*, issued under the sanction of the Science and Art Department. The letter-press consists of a very brief epitome of the essential points in the structure of each of the more important natural orders, and a few lines as to its geographical distribution and economical or medicinal value. The plates, upwards of 100 in number, contain each a drawing of a section of the flower of a species belonging to the order, a diagram of the flower, and illustrations of the fruit, seed, &c. The book is invaluable both to the student and to the science-teacher; and supplies a long-acknowledged desideratum in presenting the salient characters of the various natural orders in a very small space, and in a form the most calculated to arrest the attention and to impress itself on the memory.

LAST week we referred to the opinion expressed by certain geological authorities, that the thick mass of clay now being pierced by the Sub-Wealden boring may represent, in its lower part, the Oxford clay. This opinion has been satis-

factorily confirmed by the work of the past week. At the meeting of the Geological Society last Wednesday evening, Mr. W. Topley exhibited a number of cores recently extracted, containing fossils which are considered characteristic of the Oxford clay. The collection included the well-known *Ammonites Jason*. It is encouraging to learn from these fossils that the boring is now much lower in the geological series than might otherwise have been expected.

THE Academy of Sciences has just elected, as foreign correspondent, M. A. de Candolle, of Geneva, the distinguished botanist.

THE Government of the Netherlands, following in the wake of other nations, is fitting out an expedition for the observation of the transit of Venus. It is intended to make the Ile de Réunion the scene of the observations, which will be under the direction of Herr van Sande Backhuysen, Director of the Observatory at Leyden.

THE last mail from India has brought some valuable additions to the *Bibliotheca Indica*. We have received the last number of the second volume of the *Tāndya-Brāhmaṇa*. This completes this important work, and gives at the end a table of contents. Then there is the first fasciculus of the second part of the *Sāmaveda-samhitā*, a most valuable work. The *Taittiriya-samhitā* also advances by one number, and has now reached the 11th Anuvāka of the 3rd Prapāthaka of the 4th book. It is to be hoped that the publication of this work may proceed as quickly as possible. The most valuable addition, however, is the *Kātantra Grammar*, edited by Professor Eggeling. This is evidently a work of great labour, and reflects the highest credit on the critical acumen of the editor.

BISHOP COLENSO has completed his "Examination" of that part of the *New Bible Commentary*, which refers to the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua. (London: Longmans & Co.) In Part VI., which has just appeared, he gives a detailed answer to the "fallacious, evasive, inaccurate, uncritical, &c. &c. reasoning" of which Mr. Espin has, he thinks, given numerous instances in his work on Joshua. The Hebraist will be especially surprised at the inaccuracy of the Biblical references by which Mr. Espin seeks to prove that the Book of Joshua is a separate and complete work, produced by a single author. With regard to Mr. Espin's misrepresentation of Ewald's view of the famous inscription in Procopius—"We are those that fled from before the robber Jesus the son of Nane"—it may be added that the whole story probably arose out of the mis-translation of Isa. xvii. 9 in the Septuagint: ὁν τρόπον ἡκατέκτιστον οἱ Ἀμορραῖοι καὶ οἱ Εὐαῖοι ἀπὸ προσώπου τῶν υἱῶν Ἰσραὴλ.

THE *Numismatic Chronicle*, vol. xiv. (1874), pt. i. is entirely occupied by one article "On the Chronological Sequence of the Coins of Syracuse," by Barclay V. Head. As this article is also published in a separate form, under the title of "History of the Coinage of Syracuse," we hope before long to accord to it the notice it deserves. In the meanwhile it is sufficient to observe that the fifteen autotype plates by which the treatise is illustrated exhibit by nearly two hundred representative coins the whole series of the Syracusan coinage—the most complete, and, as a whole, the most beautiful series of coins struck by any state, from the time of the Geomori in the sixth century B.C. to the Roman conquest. For artistic merit, for accuracy, and completeness, these plates leave nothing to be desired.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY (June 16).

DR. A. GÜNTHER, Vice-President, in the Chair. An extract was read from a letter received from Dr. A. B. Meyer, concerning two birds (*Rectes Bennetti* and *Campephaga aurulenta*) lately de-

scribed in the Society's Proceedings by Mr. Selater. —A letter was read from Mr. William Summerhayes relating to certain species of *Cunassows* found in Venezuela. Dr. J. Murie read a paper "On the Nature of the Sacs vomited by the Hornbills," which he stated, in confirmation of Professor Flower's account of these objects, to consist of the epithelial lining of the stomach. Mr. W. Saville Kent, F.L.S., communicated a second paper upon the gigantic cephalopods recently encountered off Newfoundland. From further information received, Mr. Saville Kent apprehended that it would be necessary to refer the two individuals preserved in St. John's Museum to the genus *Ommatostrophes*, thus avoiding the institution of a new genus for their reception, as proposed in his former paper. Mr. A. H. Garrod read a paper on the "showing off" of the Australian Bustard (*Eupodotis australis*), and pointed out the peculiar structures by which this "showing off" was accomplished. A communication was read from Dr. F. Stoliczka, containing a description of the *Ovis Poli* of Blyth, of which he had lately obtained specimens in Yarkand. Mr. R. B. Sharpe read a paper on a new genus and species of Passerine birds from the West Indies, which he proposed to name *Phoenicomanes tora*. A communication was read from the Rev. O. P. Cambridge, containing descriptions of some new species of spiders of the genus *Erigone* from North America. Dr. Günther read a paper describing some new species of reptiles from the Camaroon Mountains, West Africa. Amongst these were two new species of Chameleons, and a new snake of the family of Lycodontidae, proposed to be called *Bothryoliscus ater*. One of these chameleons was referred to a new sub-genus (*Rhampholeon*), being remarkable for its abbreviated tail and the development of a denticle at the inner base of each claw. Mr. Selater read a paper containing a description of three new species of the genus *Synallaxis* from M. Jelski's collections in Central Peru, which he proposed to call *S. pudibunda*, *S. graminicola*, and *S. virgata*. Messrs. H. P. Blackmore and E. R. Alston communicated a joint paper on the Arvicolidæ which have hitherto been found in a fossil state. Professor Newton read an account of a living Dodo shipped for England in the year 1628, extracted from letters in the possession of Dr. J. B. Wilmot, of Tunbridge Wells. Mr. J. E. Harting read a paper on the common Lapwing of Chili, which he proposed to separate from *Vanellus cayennensis*, under the name *V. occidentalis*. A second paper read by Mr. Harting contained an account of the eggs of some new or little-known Limicolæ. A communication was read from Mr. R. Swinhoe containing an account of a new Cervine form discovered in the mountains near Ningpo, China, by Mr. A. Michie, and proposed to be called *Lophotragus nichianus*. Dr. J. Murie read a paper on the structure of the skeleton of *Fregilupus varius*, based on a specimen in the Museum of Cambridge.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY (Saturday, June 20).

MR. W. CROOKES, F.R.S., exhibited experiments on "Attraction and Repulsion accompanying Radiation," some of which were communicated to the Royal Society in December, 1873, and have since attracted much attention. Various attempts have been made to account for the phenomena discovered by Mr. Crookes, by attributing them to air-currents, or to the action of electricity; but the only explanation hitherto offered which seems even plausible is that suggested by Professor Osborne Reynolds, in a paper communicated to the Royal Society on Thursday, 21st inst. Professor Reynolds supposes that the effects in question may be due to alterations caused by heat or cold in the equilibrium of a minute film of condensed vapour. There can be little doubt that the cause assigned, if actually existing, might produce

the observed results; but Mr. Crookes gave reasons for regarding it as inadmissible. —Mr. O. J. Woodward exhibited experiments for the purpose of illustrating to an audience the nature of wave-motion. The method consisted in throwing upon a screen an image of a screw or of a spirally coiled wire, which is made to revolve upon its axis. Mr. Woodward also exhibited a modification of Quincke's well-known experiments on the interference of sound, in which a reed is substituted for the tuning-fork employed by Quincke as the source of sound. A simplified construction of Quincke's apparatus was described by Professor W. F. Barrett.

ASIATIC SOCIETY (Monday, June 22).

JAMES FERGUSON, Esq., Vice-President, in the Chair. Dr. S. W. Bushell read a paper on the old Mongolian capital of Shangtu. The extensive ruins of this city were visited by the writer, together with the Hon. T. G. Grosvenor, on September 16, 1872. They are situated some twenty-seven miles N.W. of Dolonnor. Abbé Hue wrongly supposed the latter place to have been built on the site of the ancient city. Shangtu was founded in A.D. 1266, during the reign of the emperor Hien Tsung, and became the imperial residence for a time every year. In 1268 it was made the seat of a Governor-general. After the fall of the Yuan dynasty the city rapidly diminished in importance. It was taken in the second year of the new reign (A.D. 1369), but remained constantly attacked and harassed by the nomadic Mongolian tribes, until it was finally abandoned by the Chinese in A.D. 1430, when the frontier was contracted to the line of the Great Wall, and the garrison removed to Tu-shih-kou.

The site was visited by the Jesuit missionary, Gerbillon, towards the end of the seventeenth century. The ruins are now known by the Mongol name of Chao naiman sumé Hotun, "the city of a hundred and eight temples." The city had a double wall, the outer forming a square of about eight li with six gates, the inner being about eight li in circuit with only three gates, one of which, a perfect arch twenty feet high by twelve feet wide, is still intact. The ground in the interior of both enclosures is strewn with blocks of marble and other remains of large temples and palaces, the outlines of the foundation of some of which can yet be traced; while broken lions, dragons, and the remains of other carved monuments lie about in every direction, half-hidden by the thick and tangled overgrowth. An inscription of the Yuan dynasty, in an ancient form of the Chinese character, on a memorial tablet lying amid many other relics on a raised piece of ground, evidently the site of a large temple, has been copied and translated by Dr. Bushell. It is surrounded by a border of dragons boldly carved in deep relief.

A paper on the "Origines of the Manchus," by Mr. Henry H. Howorth, was also read. The paper started from the etymologies of the word "Manchu" proposed by various writers, the derivation of the word from "Manchusi," the name of a Corean deity, appearing to the writer to be the most obvious. He then proceeded to examine at length the legendary accounts of the Manchus regarding their own origin, and their history from the earliest times down to A.D. 1625, the year of the death of Tai-tsu.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY (Wednesday, June 24).

MR. J. EVANS, F.R.S., President, in the Chair. No fewer than twenty-six papers were announced for reading at this, the last meeting of the session. The greater number of these were of course summarily disposed of, by being either read in short abstract, or merely taken as read. Two papers only were read in full, and duly discussed. Professor J. Young and Mr. J. Young, of Glasgow, communicated a paper "On *Palaeocoryne* and other Polyzoal Appendages." A few

years ago Dr. Duncan and Mr. Jenkins established the genus *Palaeocoryne*, and referred it to the class *Hydrozoa*. The authors of the present communication, after studying a large number of specimens, deny that this structure represents a distinct organism, and regard it only as the stellar appendages given off from the frond of a palaeozoic polyzoon. In a paper on "The Steppes of Siberia," Mr. T. Belt described a journey which he made last autumn through South-western Siberia. Crossing the Urals, he proceeded from Ekaterinburg to Omsk, and thence upon the Irtusk to Pavlodar, and finally reached Karakolinsk. During this journey he studied the geological characters of the deposits forming the Steppes, as seen in river-sections. In some of these deposits he found *Corbicula* (*Cyrena*) *fluminalis*. Mr. Belt, in seeking to explain the origin of the Steppes, remarked that they bear no relation to the present river-system of the country. Von Cotta had suggested that they owe their origin to marine action; but the absence of marine shells, not to mention other evidence, does not support this theory. According to Mr. Belt, a satisfactory explanation may be found by supposing that an overflow of polar ice, during the glacial period, formed a barrier blocking up the drainage of Siberia, and thus giving rise to the formation of a vast lake, in which were deposited the great beds of sand and loam which now form the Steppes. Among the specimens exhibited at this meeting were some fine examples of tin ore from the recently-discovered deposits at Mount Bischoff, in Tasmania.

FINE ART.

Roman Imperial Photographs. Arranged by John Edward Lee, F.S.A., F.G.S. (London: Longmans & Co., 1874.)

UNDER this title Mr. Lee has published a series of forty portraits of Roman Imperial persons, produced by enlarging, with the aid of photography, the portraits engraved on their coins. We are most ready to welcome all attempts to render familiar the handiwork of the ancients, and to give life and reality to Roman history. Nor does the fact that these representations are mechanical reproductions in any way destroy their value. The works of nature need the eye and hand of an artist to interpret them. But the more mechanical copies of works of art are the better, for one artist can never perfectly copy another, especially after the lapse of ages. Hence we believe that to photography and other copying arts there is reserved the task of disseminating faithful copies of artistic works of all kinds, from those of Phidias and Raphael downwards. But, unfortunately, we cannot regard Mr. Lee's work as successful. In the first place, it is very misleading indeed to present a single coin of a Roman Emperor as giving his portrait. Coins give, it is true, most characteristic representations, but such as sacrifice fidelity to effect. The object of the die-sinker was not to produce an excellent portrait, but to bring out all the features of the person represented in strong relief, so that they could not be mistaken, even when the coins that bore them were worn down. The sunken eye of Antiochus, the easy fleshiness of Philetaerus, the grim features of Caesar, are brought out on coins with a distinctness which sometimes makes one smile, as at a caricature. Everything is exaggerated, and therefore distorted. But the plan followed by Mr. Lee, of magnifying

several times the faces on the coins, makes this feature even more obvious. Distortions which one would not condemn in a representation of half an inch square, become intolerable in one of four inches square. And further still, Mr. Lee would have done much better if, instead of taking his photographs from original coins, often somewhat defaced, he had taken them from plaster casts of the best coins in existence, which might easily have been obtained. The coin of Carinus, for example, which is here figured, is much defaced, that of Faustina the younger is miserably poor, and that of Trajan extremely ugly.

It appears, however, from the preface to this work, that the editor has only published it by the way, as these photographs formed part of his material for another work, a series of 150 profiles of Roman worthies, drawn by an artist from coins, aided by photographs. This is a work of a more promising character, and we shall hope to be able to say more in its favour. In the meantime we wish that those who have access to the best representations produced by ancient artists had some of the zeal of Mr. Lee for the diffusion of copies of those representations.

PERCY GARDNER.

THE EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF ART IN BLACK AND WHITE.

IN commenting upon the second Exhibition of Works of Art in Black and White, which has opened its doors this week to the public, at the Dudley Gallery of the Egyptian Hall, it will be useless to follow the minute subdivisions which, in their circular addressed to artists, the committee marked out. Such elaborate classification would only be wearying in a brief review of what there is to see; and it will be well to divide roughly: to speak first of drawings and then of prints, though the prints, when we come to them, may naturally be ranged under two heads: those which are original work, and those which are copies.

Several of the best of living English artists contribute drawings to this exhibition. Mr. Watts and Mr. Leighton are amongst the number. One French artist of the highest class, M. Millet, now known to all the world by his great works in painting, sends two charcoal drawings, one of which possesses in a quite singular degree the charm of his work in oil; and another Frenchman, M. Lhermitte, sends charcoal pictures which can hardly fail to add in England to a reputation already beginning. There are contributions from many artists of the second rank, and much amateur work which it has been a mistake to accept, and too much also of such work of professional artists as is of a quality that can neither increase their fame nor give us any rational interest. In fact, the exhibition, though it has been long prepared for and waited for—an interval of two years having occurred since the last—is felt to be somewhat of a "scratch" exhibition. The range of material for composing it, is not, it must be remembered, in reality so wide as it seems; or, rather, it is not likely to include very much of that which is of the highest accomplishment. Yet the exhibition has a distinct place, among the rest, though just now it is a modest one. It has a value in bringing before our notice the productions of artists with whom other exhibitions fail to make us familiar; and it has a value too in enabling us the better to gauge the real power and importance of many men with whose more elaborate work we are already pretty well acquainted. Stripped of the common aids, stripped of the charm of colour, such work as is

shown here is put, of necessity, to a severe test. The great men have always been well nigh greatest, and the feeble men most feeble, when embodying their ideas, or recording their impressions, only in black and white.

And from this test no one will come out better than Mr. Leighton among the English, and M. Millet among the French. It is true that Mr. Leighton exhibits two heads—one of a Capri woman, which has been reproduced in the *Portfolio*; the other, called *Rubiniella, Capri*—which are at first sight disappointing. But the fault in the first is probably in the subject; a want of beauty hardly compensated for in this case either by presence of individuality of character or by quiet and plaintive bodily grace. And the fault in the second—the stiffness, hardness, weakness, of the neck—is felt, while you look at the modelling and character of the head, to be such an accident as might happen once to any master. Strong in drawing, strong in grace, the pencil in Mr. Leighton's hand can be no inadequate substitute for the brush. No. 420, a carved and font-like well in the court of a Venetian palace, would show fairly enough, if there were no other to show it better, the artist's feeling for lines of combined richness and delicacy; but No. 171, a drawing of a lemon tree in Capri, shows the same thing better than the other drawing, and better than any painted work. It is a most patient and quite finished study, of inconceivable grace and charm; done, we may be sure, with a keen and accurate sense of the beauty of every delicate line and curve of stem and leaf and fruit.

Mr. G. F. Watts's principal design is that numbered 241, and called *The Sleeper Awakened*. "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light," is written under the drawing; and though its size is small, its style, while finished, is large and grand, and its effect solemn. A lighter grace is aimed at and attained by Mr. Watts in No. 271; while another contribution, No. 433 (called only *Studies in Pencil*), reminds us what a fine accuracy commonly underlies all that is large and broad in the work he is more accustomed to exhibit.

Among many drawings contributed by M. Léon Lhermitte, we may single out four. Two of them are companions, No. 120 and No. 102, called respectively *The Last Ceremony*—that is, a service for the dead—and the *Pilgrimage*; that is, a group of worshippers kneeling at a famous shrine. The first is remarkable for warmth, and colour, and harmony; the second is good in composition, and a well-lighted piece. *Hélène* is noteworthy for the strong modelling of the head, and for its light and shade; and lastly, *Sheep-washing*, No. 296, is a transcript from the life, and is warm with the glow and the shadow of evening.

In entire contrast, by its method, to this broad work of M. Lhermitte's, is a study by one whose work would have been almost the last we should have turned to in expectation of such contrast, for the delightful head called *Study: Rome*, 1873, and numbered, with two less significant works, No. 270, is by M. Legros. It is a fine lead-pencil drawing, bestowing, one might say, as one looks round, upon the medium almost a new dignity; for nothing in the exhibition is nobler than this little head, and nothing is really larger, though it is small; and nothing is more delicate, though it is strong and firm. What a fine intellectual beauty, reflected on the physical beauty of the face! the type, how elevated! how mobile, yet serene! The moulding of the mouth that in one more instant will speak; the delicate shadow on the chin; the almost movement; the gesture—all the live face is there; yet you can count the strokes of the work, and see how little touch by touch, the scientific but sympathetic artist has built up this effect.

Among the other drawings which claim some consideration and will certainly receive it at the hands of the visitor, are contributions from the portfolios of the late George Cattermole, of the

younger Leslie, of Henry Moore, of Edward Armitage. Mr. Hubert Herkomer sends several designs which, along now and then with some triviality of subject, show good drawing: drawing not always absolutely scientific, but in which one feels that under the garments there is the figure and the movement; and also the artist shows ease of invention and a range that gives promise of more important things. And since we are now among the least ambitious of the subjects, let us notice the grotesque drawings of Miss Kate Greenaway and Mr. F. A. Hopkins. The *Petit Diner à la Cigarette* by the last-named contributor has not only the humour that justifies its existence, but though lacking variety of models—though the little naked fellow is repeated to monotony—it has a certain roundness and ease of design which may one day be employed to more serious purpose, or indeed not with more serious purpose, but with greater success to a purpose avowedly light. Of pen-and-ink drawings, made for *Punch*, Mr. Du Maurier sends a goodly array. The best of them—much the best of them, and it is of singular grace—is that called *Pray*—one little girl, not religiously inclined, is beseeching her sister to say a double portion of prayers. The little bedgown figures have such a healthy sweetness of line that one is tempted to forget how intractable for high artistic purpose pen and ink generally prove.

Mr. Edwin Edwards, whose pure etching (to mention it out of its proper place) has some of the faults and qualities of Mr. Whistler's—accurate study and frankness, with an unfortunate hardness and want of tone—sends pen-and-ink sketches which display the same characteristics. The *Ouse near Bedford* is the worst of them: *Yarmouth and Lowestoft* are the best: these best display an admirable sense of proportion, though here too the hardness almost inseparable from the material becomes evident. Miss Thompson's finely executed drawings—three in number—will, of course, attract attention. *Choosing Models in Rome* is very true and somewhat humorous. "*Halt!*" a *Reminiscence of Aldershot* has concentration and composition which are lacking to the third; and yet the third, which is called "*Gallop!*" a *Reminiscence of Woolwich*, contains what is her best work in this exhibition: nay, it contains, I think, the best work she has yet done, and saves her quite unmistakably from the dangerous honour of painting only one famous picture. This *Gallop* is remarkable on several grounds, for though I say it has not got the composition of the second subject—suffers, in a word, as a whole, from being a little scattered and straggling—yet the group of horses' heads, all close together, all so variously turned and held and lifted, and all so strong, is really an excellent achievement; and besides this, the vigour of the drawing of certain horses in action—the strain upon these fiery beasts, that are furiously dragging the light artillery to the field—is not, I think, very easily to be matched in modern work.

Rapidly jotting down one or two comments by the way, one should notice the character in Mr. Hennessy's contribution and in Mr. Macnab's *Cigarette*: a lazy fellow, not too lazy, however, to be critical in his enjoyment. One should notice the truth of reflected light in shadow in Miss Ellen Hill's large chalk drawing of Mr. Edwin Hill, and the grave landscape subjects of Mr. Joseph Knight. One should notice, as not quite worthy of him, T. G. Vibert's drawing of *An Actor learning his Part*; and one should pause before the complete and large accomplishment of François Millet's *Potato Harvest*: a group of two peasants, with a long barrow, and a potato sack held between them, in the wide and open field. Among a crowd of less significant things, here at last is a great and manly one.

One would gladly spare oneself the task of wholly unfavourable comment; and there is so much work that is by no means strong that the task of enumerating it would be a long and a useless one. Mr. Holt's drawing of *The Foundling*

may be good in sentiment, but it is weak in execution; and an allegorical subject by Mr. Walter Crane is among the most conspicuous, and (dare I not add?) among the most strangely unaccountable of the failures. The heaviness of the drapery is pitiable: an artist who can do much better, ought not to send this work.

Turning now to Etching, it may be said that the greatest English etchers are almost wholly missing. There is nothing here of Mr. Seymour Haden's, and that is an absence which we can ill endure. One etching like the *Agamemnon*, or one like the *Shere Mill Pond*, would be worth any dozen chosen at a hazard among those that are here. Mr. Whistler, too, does not exhibit a stroke; he reserves everything for Pall Mall. And among the English etchers who promise us the most, Mr. Chattock is absent—he is exhibiting at the Academy—and Mr. Heseltine has found nothing to send. Nor is this absence of contributions from the best English etchers even attempted to be compensated for by any unusual show of the work of the French. Nothing could have been more appropriate (since one observes upon the walls the work of some men not now living) than to have displayed the whole series of the master modern etcher of architecture, Charles Méryon; and it is difficult to believe that impressions of his work, had they been sought for, would not have been forthcoming. But we must be content without them; and in looking round upon the English work, it is pleasant to notice that, though much of it is insufficient as to result, it is most of it worthy in aim, and it is most of it done by the methods of the genuine etcher, with no confusion between the proper work of etching and the proper work of steel engraving. Here and there, of course, is an exception; but on the whole it may be said that, thanks partly to the plainly-worded counsel of Mr. Hamerton, and thanks partly to the study of the great old etchers, of whom Rembrandt, of course, is chief, and thanks partly too to study of Mr. Haden's work (which by subject and sentiment has more in common with the efforts natural to etchers now living and learning), the old fault and weakness of the *prostitution* of Etching has now well nigh ceased. The independence of the art is recognised and remembered; and though the work is sometimes hard, sometimes wanting tone, it is on the whole manly and promising. Dr. Propert's *Chiswick*, No. 108, is a favourable example of recent work. There is perhaps some lack of feeling for air and space in Mr. Slacombe's *Margate Cliffs and Jetty*, No. 167. Another Mr. Slacombe's *Quiet Retreat at Pinner*, while being as good in drawing, has certainly more artistic charm. Of the best French work that is original, some account happens to have already been given in this journal, but one recognises again with pleasure the work of M. Lalanne and of M. Feyen Perrin.

Coming to work that interprets not Nature, or the artist's original conception, but the work of other men, one finds that one is wholly among the Frenchmen; though almost the greatest of these French interpreters is absent. That is Flameng, who has won fame by copying the prints of Rembrandt. But Flameng is, after all, and with all his greatness, entirely a copyist: he copies line for line. Jacquemart is more properly an interpreter. He does almost what a fine actor does for a good author. He identifies himself with the spirit of the work: reproducing the spirit with greater truth than the letter. Thus in the magnificent impression on the door screen at the Dudley Gallery, of his etching after the *Mrs. Seaforth and Child*, or *Widow and Child* in Mr. Wilson's famous collection—picture now exhibiting by-the-by at the Alsace-Lorraine Exhibition in Paris—Jacquemart has contrived to indicate, nay, I think actually to realise, all the quality of Sir Joshua—Sir Joshua as known to Jacquemart by many a work, and not alone by this one. The etching is a quite charming and perfect thing; the original, it may be remembered, is rather

heavy and thick in its painting—it is one of the works in which the great painter went furthest (and he was generally far) from the lighter handling of Gainsborough.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

RE-OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION AT THE CORPS LÉGISLATIF.

Paris: June 22, 1874.

TO-DAY is re-opened, after remaining closed a week for almost entire reorganisation, the Exhibition which was formed two months ago in the rooms of the Corps Législatif for the benefit of the emigrants from Alsace and Lorraine who have left their native provinces to settle in Algeria.

Two motives have jointly contributed to the success of this Exhibition—curiosity to see rare and beautiful works of art, and patriotic charity. The idea was first started in M. d'Haussonville's drawing-room; it was most favourably received in high Orleanist society, and the Duc d'Aumale consented to lend part of his gallery, which a few years ago was the ornament of his mansion at Twickenham. It has been quite the fashion to meet in these rooms, especially on Monday, which is a five-franc day, the charge for admission on the other plebeian days being one franc. Journals of all shades have gratuitously placed their advertising columns at the disposal of the organising committee, and the first campaign has already produced above 200,000 francs, while more than half that sum is expected from the second, which will last till September 1. The exhibition therefore will have brought in the net sum of over 300,000 francs, besides furnishing the public and the critics with an opportunity of recreation and of interesting study.

I shall confine myself to-day to a few general hints or reflections. I have not been able as yet to verify with certainty what has been removed, and what is entirely novel, and do not wish to expose myself to the risk of mentioning objects which might no longer be found by any reader who should be induced by my letter to pay a visit to Paris. I shall, however, call attention with great regret to two works of the first rank, which have had a great success. One was the head of Michel-Angelo in bronze, modelled by one of his pupils in beautiful style and with a deep feeling of melancholy; of this, I believe, there exist replicas. The other is a leg in bronze, found in the course of some excavations in Magna Græcia, which belonged to a life-size statue; the foot and leg are bare, while the rest is covered with a kind of stocking, which must have been of leather, as it shows the lines of the muscles with great precision; it is ornamented on the knee with an admirably characterised Medusa's head, and the tint is greyish yellow, as delicate in tone as it is uncommon. The two bronzes belong to M. Eugène Piot, an amateur of most cultivated taste, who has edited and almost entirely written, except during an interval, a periodical entitled *le Cabinet de l'Antiquaire et de l'Amateur*. He has also at various times sold off objects which he was tired of, or which he thought unworthy of a place in his cabinets. The South Kensington Museum has several Italian bronzes of the Renaissance period derived from this source.

The catalogue of the first exhibition comprised 708 paintings, ancient and modern, of the French and foreign schools. Ancient and modern works of art, statues, drawings, bronzes, arms, porcelain, tapestry, furniture, curiosities, watches, &c., filled almost the whole of ten rooms. The Rothschild family had one to itself, in which there was a collection of Boule furniture, and, in the centre, a fine bronze statue, a nude Prometheus, with the arms raised, brandishing flames as he goes; in the cases, Limoges enamels, portraits, or dinner-services; rock-crystals cut and engraved; specimens of maiolica and plates with figures of reptiles by Bernard Palissy; ten of those precious objects in inlaid earthenware, long called "*pièces de service*"

de Henri II." and now known to have been manufactured at Oldon, in Vendée, under the superintendence of a widow lady of high culture and position, Hélène d'Angest; specimens of Venetian glass; a great number of French or Italian jewels, representing monsters or mythological heroes, the bodies formed of the grotesque projections of the so-called "baroque" pearls. This room also contained, beside some busts of the time of Louis XIV., two iron goads for driving elephants, Indian work of exquisite beauty, expressing the force and grace, the wealth and genius of a whole civilisation: mythical personages and fabulous lions appear in the midst of foliage; the reliefs, contrasting with the blackness of the depths of the open-worked iron, catch a thousand flashes of light; while the point and handle of the goads are clear and polished, and allow the spectator to enjoy the glittering and compact beauty of this metal, second in quality of tone to gold only.

The place of this room is now supplied by Sir Richard Wallace, not with curiosities or pictures as choice as those which he has lent you at Bethnal Green, but with pictures of the French school and French furniture which adorn the rooms of his country-seat at Bagatelle. The intention is good, and we must thank the owner for not forgetting that it was in France that he passed the best and most peaceful years of his life. The somewhat dark and narrow glazed gallery, built by Morny, in the garden of the Presidency of the Corps Législatif, and still preserved, contains a great number of modern Dutch and Flemish pictures. I will give a list of them, but I shall not devote much attention to them. It seems to me more interesting to study certain changes in the public estimate of contemporary masters, such as Paul Delaroche, Decamps, and Ingres.

This Exhibition is from all points of view very important. It would be still more so if the committee which organised it, and which superintends it so zealously, were not finally to dissolve, but to form itself into a permanent society. It would then have gained experience as to the faults it has committed, the difficulties it has had to surmount, the amateurs it has had to accept or reject. The arrangement of the pictures, though better than during the first Exhibition, yet leaves something to be desired. We still find too many tares mingled with the wheat. Mr. Rossetti's remarks, which I read in the last number of the ACADEMY, as to the ever-extending inundation of mediocre or worthless foreign works in your International Exhibition, are even more strikingly applicable here. Quality is everything for the enjoyment of amateurs, for the instruction of critics or the working classes. Quantity is like the course of feeding that we force upon certain geese, to produce a liver disease in the poor birds for our own profit. We are entering into the scientific period, at least as regards the revision of the things of the past. We have a right to choose the materials for this great historic suit, which will modify many points of view and displace many reputations. Since people of the world are anxious to bring us the help of their influence, their connexions, and even their energies, it would be well that they should accept a kind of programme, whose principal points should be drawn up in common. One French institution, of which I shall speak hereafter, the "Central Union of the Fine Arts applied to Industry," has already devoted its attention to subjects of the same kind. But as you do me the honour of letting me speak in an English paper, allow me to overstep my bounds, and to suggest to your readers a kind of international agreement, which should sanction the annual exchange of choice exhibitions of works of art. The scheme is worth your consideration. In a future letter I shall introduce you to the gallery, from which, very wisely, it has been determined not to exclude our great dealers. The Empire has, it is true, so singularly modified traditional notions in France, that it is now a matter of some difficulty to distinguish a

pure amateur, devoted to his passion, from a collector who buys only to sell again.

PH. BURY.

THE MUNICH GALLERY.

UNDER this name a suite of rooms at No. 48, Great Marlborough Street has been opened. The catalogue speaks of "Exhibition of Pictures by Kaulbach, and other celebrated artists of the Munich school:" in fact, however, there are not as yet on view any coloured works by Kaulbach, only cartoon or monochrome compositions, and the other celebrated artists would seem to have found a royal road to celebrity. It appears that some more works are to follow: among them Kaulbach's *Faust and Mephistopheles*, and *The Emperor Charles V. in a Monastery*, by Piloty. The interest of the exhibition centres in the productions of Kaulbach, whose justly honoured name has perhaps been put forward to give currency to other stock of a far from pre-eminent kind. The minor pictures are in a high degree both poor and unattractive.

Kaulbach undoubtedly had capacity of a high order; a large range of invention, in which imagination was one constituent, and strong sardonic pungency another; a striking power of enforcement; able combination, composition, and grouping; knowledge of design, and, generally, the qualities which distinguish an intellectual from a purely artistic, or a mere trained and professional painter. What he lacked was that "purely artistic" element—the love or instinct of executive beauty, the exquisite balance between mastery and suavity of hand. This, in the long run, is a deficiency never to be compensated. The inner hierarchy of art is composed of painters who possess that faculty; while the others—however wide-minded, however skilled and learned—have to remain in the outer courts of the temple.

In the present collection we find three works by Kaulbach. The finest in manner is by far the least large of the three—*Amor and Psyche*, executed in 1828, and imbued to some considerable extent with the style of Cornelius. The most important in matter and composition is *Peter Arbus, Inquisitor of Saragossa, condemns a Family of Heretics to be burnt*—a work which used to be well-known to the many visitors at the studio of this highly distinguished and (as we found him in 1870) most courteous and genial painter. The catalogue gives some account of the subject; but omits the one central and primary point—namely, that the ghastly old Inquisitor, the vampire over the population of a whole city, mind and body, is blind: he has to touch with his staff those for whom the flames are to be lit, and his hand is guided by sordid wretches more loathsome than himself. This horrid story is realised to the mind with great power, and to the eye with excellent force of arrangement and perspicuity of subsidiary detail. The other large cartoon is of the scenic class, and of course much less interesting—*King James V. of Scotland opening the Parliament of 1532 in Edinburgh*. The painter has evidently aimed at giving something of Scottish character to the faces, but not with more than moderate success.

The one remaining work in the gallery that has some prominent degree of merit is the *Last Moments of Joseph II., Emperor of Austria*, by Professor Conrad. This is a very large work, of a vigorous but still a commonplace order; it contains some forcibly painted heads. Very large again, but altogether of the dead-alive academical kind, is *The Triumph of Bacchus*, by Professor Otto. On such work as *The Battle of Granicus*, by Gunkel; *The Ratcatcher* (from Goethe's poem), by Teichlein; *King Lear rejecting Cordelia*, by Heckel; *The Finding of Moses*, by Zimmermann; or the *Landscape*, by Bamberg—*all of them pretentious productions, big or biggish—we need not dwell. The Flood*, by Schorn, which was to have been repeated in the Munich Pinacothek, has more in it as a composition, but evinces neither sense of nature nor sense of execution. Among the smaller

pictures, Winkler's *Scene from the Franco-German War*, 1870—a snow-subject hung somewhat out of sight—appears to be one of the best.

W. M. ROSSETTI.

ART SALES.

THE collection of M. J. F. Leturcq, of Paris, was disposed of by auction by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, on Wednesday week and the three following days. Among the principal lots in the modern part we may mention a sardonyx cameo of two strata, set in brilliants, representing a full-faced head of Jupiter Serapis, 50*l.* (Salviati); another, obverse, helmeted head of Minerva; reverse, head of a Negro King, 35*l.* (Salviati); another, laureated head of Augustus, inscribed with his name in relief, 32*l.* (Castellani); an emerald intaglio, Venus Anadyomene, drawn by two dolphins, 43*l.* (Phillips); Amazonian stone, full-faced head of a monster with ruby eyes, probably Mexican, 12 *gs.*; agate onyx, Sabina wife of Hadrian, 32 *gs.*; agate onyx, head of Omphale attired in the lion's skin, 10 *gs.*; sardonyx Imperial head crowned with laurel, 14*l.* 10*s.* (Castellani). Among the antique specimens we note a sardonyx intaglio representing Jupiter grasping the thunder, with an eagle at his feet, 50*l.* (Salviati); a cameo of the same stone, engraved with a curious allegory representing an annular eclipse of the sun, 51*l.* (Jackson); another, Polyhymnia seated, meditating, before her a little column surmounted by a figure of a child, 78*l.*; a cornelian intaglio, Terpsichore tuning her lyre, with a figure of a deity on a pillar, the name of the engraver, Heins, engraved in the stone, a very fine work, 45*l.* (Salviati); a cornelian intaglio, Cupid coming from a broken egg, inscribed with the engraver's name, 30*l.* (Williams); an emerald cameo, full-faced head of Neptune, 47*l.* (Schmidt); sardonyx intaglio, Mars armed, 21*l.*; Nicolò intaglio, Indian Bacchus, 30*l.*; sard intaglio, a Faun, 23*l.*; a Greek cylinder of hematite, engraved as an intaglio, with a Bacchanalian subject, a Menade holding a thyrsus and dancing, a remarkable work, 100*l.* (Jackson); onyx cameo, sacrifice to Pan, 21*l.*; a sardonyx cameo (pierced), Silenus and a nymph seated on a stool, making young Bacchus dance, the whole overshadowed by a tree, 50*l.* (Schmidt); another, head of young Hercules, with a lion passant on the reverse, 31*l.* (Schmidt); an onyx cameo, Hercules carrying a small column on his shoulder, with an inscription by a modern hand, 118*l.* (Jackson); a cornelian intaglio, Achilles wounded, 81*l.*; a profile head of Julia Donnaia, in beryl, 22*l.* 10*s.* (Castellani); a sardonyx cameo, a helmeted and bearded head (perhaps of Julian the Apostate), 60*l.* (Riach); a sard intaglio, a wounded warrior, seated, 35*l.* (Fenardint); onyx cameo, Victory winged, with a fruit tree and a she-goat, 180*l.*; an onyx cameo, full-faced head of Medusa, 100*l.*; sard, a bearded mask, 28*l.* In the series of gems inscribed with the names of modern artists, we may mention a dark sard intaglio, representing Parnassus, by Berini, 24*l.*; a rock turquoise cameo, by Scarletti, with figures of Mercury and Paris, 27*l.*; garnet, head of Henry IV., 23*l.*; the heads of Henri IV. and Marie de Medicis, face to face, in sapphire, inscribed by Coldoré and dated 1608, 80*l.* The collection produced 3,740*l.*

THE objects of art belonging to the late Madame Lenoir were sold at the end of last month, at the Hôtel Drouot, and the following prices obtained: Boucher, *The Mill*, 7,200 *fr.*; painting after Boucher, *Cupids Flying*, a pair, 1,750 *fr.*; Van Dael, *Flowers in a Marble Vase*, 2,950 *fr.*; Demarne, *The Wounded Soldier*, 3,100 *fr.*; Gleyre, *The Bath of Diana*, 9,700 *fr.*; and *The Nubian Slave*, 7,000 *fr.*; Janneck, *Concert after Supper*, and *Dancers*, the pair, 5,200 *fr.*; Pater, *The Fortune-Teller*, 28,000 *fr.*; and *The Encampment*, 9,950 *fr.*; A. v. Ostade, *Smokers*, a water-colour drawing, 1,020 *fr.* The diamond rivière, consisting of 103 brilliants, in three rows, sold for

48,110 fr.; a large brooch or stomacher, 15,805 fr.; a pair of earrings, 15,050 fr.; five little brooches with a single pearl, surrounded by a double row of brilliants, 22,450 fr.; female portrait on enamel, by Petitot, 3,400 fr.; portrait of Queen Marie Antoinette, enamel, 3,235 fr.; portraits of Adrienne Lecouvreur and of Lekain, on enamel, 1,550 fr.; Indian poignard, with jade handle encrusted with precious stones, 1,000 fr.; Cupid standing, marble, of Louis XV. period, 2,000 fr.; Venus, standing, marble, of Louis XVI. period, 5,400 fr.; equestrian statue of Louis XIV., 2,000 fr.; double light held by a Cupid, 3,400 fr.; clock and barometer in carved and gilt wood frames, 3,500 fr.; Florentine mosaic table, 2,200 fr.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THERE has been on view, at Phillip's, in Bond-street, last week, a most beautiful suite of Turkish embroidery, consisting of the whole furniture of a drawing-room, a carpet 21 feet square, with curtains, portières, covers for tables, sofas, divan, chairs, and stools. The work is entirely executed by hand on black satin; the embroidery in coloured silks, gold and silver, done in "laid" work, that is, the silks are laid upon the black satin ground, and fastened down by means of stitches made at short intervals with a fine, invisible silk, the whole outlined with gold braid. The effect is most brilliant, the patterns in the geometric, kaleidoscopic style of Oriental design, the conventional leafage perhaps more trailing and more pointed than in the Indian or Persian patterns. The silks probably are the produce of Broussa, the embroidery executed at Constantinople—an order for some imperial palace. The whole was put up to sale on Monday, but no bidder appeared, and it will probably be sent to Paris, the best mart for objects such as these. The price asked is 2,000*l*.

WE may refer our readers to the *Siccle* of June 22, for an able article in which M. Charles Bigot, *à propos* of the Alsace-Lorraine Exhibition at the Palais Bourbon, has set himself to demolish some of the fame of Decamps. After analysing many of Decamps's highly-praised works, M. Bigot points out somewhat elaborately in what way they fail to really represent that local colour of the East, which their admirers imagine that they represent so well; and after further shrewd criticisms, he ends by stating without prejudice such good qualities as Decamps actually possessed.

THE French Union of Fine Arts applied to Industry will open its fourth exhibition on August 10, at the Palais de l'Industrie, soon after the closing of the Salon. As we have before stated, the speciality of this exhibition will be a collection of costumes, either original or copies, dating from the earliest times when man assumed the dignity of a clothes-wearing animal, to the eighteenth century, when, according to the great Clothes-Philosopher, he became a mere human clothes-peg.

A NEW method of casting statues in bronze is reported as having been discovered by a Venetian founder, named Giordani. The advantage of the method consists in the cast being effected in a single operation, no matter how large the model or how complicated in its forms. A Leda cast by this process is now being exhibited in Venice.

THE *Architect* understands that the painting on which Miss Thompson is at present engaged has for its subject a charge of French cavalry against an English infantry regiment, formed in hollow square—a scene from the battle of Waterloo.

A FINE Art and Industrial Exhibition will be held at Cherbourg in August, from the 20th to the 30th of the month. Contributions must be sent in before July 15 to the President of the Société Artistique et Industrielle à Cherbourg. Medals will be awarded at the close of the exhibition.

THE four panels that have been painted by M. G. Boulanger for the new French Opera-house are now exhibiting at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. M. Baudry's panels will be exhibited in August.

THE town of Saint-Malo is about to erect a bronze statue to Chateaubriand.

THE tomb of Abelard and Héloïse, in Père-la-Chaise, is to be restored. The present tomb was constructed about fifty years ago by a M. Lenoir, but it has fallen into a deplorable state of dilapidation. These celebrated lovers have not been allowed to rest in peace even in death. Six times have their remains been removed from place to place, and now, as a last persecution, they must, forsooth, be "restored."

FINE art exhibitions are really becoming as plentiful as blackberries. Even the Chilean Government must needs follow the fashion, and announce an exhibition of works of art, manufactured articles, and agricultural implements, to be held at Santiago on September 16, 1875.

THE beautiful parish church of Hythe is to be restored. It is one of the most perfect specimens of Early English architecture that we have in Kent. Mr. G. E. Street, who has prepared the plans and estimates for the restoration, says of it in his report:—

"For its size I think it almost, if not quite, the most artistically designed building in England. It is not only the rich details with which it is adorned make it interesting, but also the extreme skill with which its architect has combined the simplest sort of nave with the most sumptuous and splendid chancel."

Its crypt also is remarkable: in it a large collection of human bones has been preserved since the time of a memorable battle between the men of Kent and the Danes.

THE Archaeological Society of Athens has taken steps to prevent further spoliation of the tombs at Tanagra, in Boeotia, which for some time now have been supplying the market with large numbers of the most exquisite terra-cotta statuettes. Not to mention those which have passed into private hands in all directions, the Louvre alone is said to have acquired over sixty specimens. The tombs in question range in three parallel lines along the foot of a small hill near the modern village of Skimatiri, and on the site of the ancient Tanagra. They are mostly formed of large blocks of stone coated in the inside with stucco. Those of the first line, nearest the hill, appear to be the most ancient, some of them being cut in the rock. Others are clearly not earlier than the Macedonian period, while some are as late as Roman times. In nearly all have been found terra-cotta figures painted with bright fresh colours, such as would be attractive in a household, and, thanks to their having been placed within strong vases, they have been found in almost perfect preservation. In point of artistic merit they vary much, though all have a oneness of character which, when compared with that of the terra-cottas from Athens, Corinth, or Cyrene, will show that Tanagra must have had a style of its own in work of this class, if not also in a higher art. Mythological subjects are exceedingly rare. We have instead figures of old nurses with children in their laps, beautiful youths and maidens dressed in bright colours, an aged beggar, a group representing a scene in a barber's shop, figures of animals, and in short just such subjects as the experience of to-day shows to be most attractive to those who furnish household ornaments. Besides these statuettes and groups there have also been found several specimens of what is still a very rare class of ancient vases, viz.: of green glazed ware, with moulded ornaments in the manner of the Samian ware. M. Otto Lüders, writing from Athens (*Bullettino dell' Inst. corrisp. Arch.*, May), is of opinion, from what he has seen of these terra-cottas, that they belong to that period of Macedonian or Hellenistic art the influence of which

Helbig has so clearly traced in the wall-paintings of Pompeii and the other Campanian towns destroyed by Vesuvius. As evidence of this he points to seven figures of winged Cupids, which strikingly resemble in treatment the figures of Cupids in Pompeian paintings. But the final solution of this problem depends on the care bestowed on future excavations among these tombs. Several inscriptions, which from palaeographical grounds might have gone far to determine the date of the objects found beside them, have already come to light, but apparently without any note having been made of the precise place where they were discovered.

THE treasures of the cathedral of Monza are about to be shown for the first time to the public. On the 9th instant, a deputation from the historic exhibition of the industrial arts went to Monza to receive them from the chapter of the cathedral, where they have been carefully preserved for centuries. The arch-priest and his staff formally consigned them to their keeping, and an escort of carabinieri accompanied them to Milan, preceded by a carriage containing the members of the committee, and the cathedral authorities who have the charge of the precious relics. They will be guarded by the military during their absence from the sacristy of Monza.

These interesting specimens of goldsmith's work, some of the sixth century, consist of the famed iron crown of the Lombards, gift of Pope Gregory the Great to Queen Theolinda, a kind of carcanet or jointed circlet of gold, loaded with precious stones, and the "santo chiodo," or nail of the cross, whence it derives its name, hammered into a thin fillet of the iron within. Her cup of gold, said to be hollowed out of a single sapphire (probably glass, as the emerald of the "sacro catino" of Genoa). Her comb of gold filagree and emeralds, and her fan, or flabellum, of painted leather, the handle encrusted with jewels. The Gregorian present of the Gospels enclosed in a rich box ornamented with precious stones, and the cover of an Evangelary with similar decoration. Her pectoral cross of rock crystal, used at the coronation of the Emperor of Germany. Her celebrated "chioecia," the hen and seven chickens of gold, with ruby eyes, picking up corn, on a kind of tray or plateau, said by some to bear a symbolic signification, by others to be simply a table ornament. Among the treasures are also the cross of King Berenger, a silver monstace resplendent with diamonds and other precious stones. The chalice of Archbishop Giovanni Visconti, and the iron sword of Ettore Visconti, to which the Italian journal which gives this enumeration adds the crown of Theolinda's husband, Agilulf; but that was carried to Paris, and stolen, in 1803, from the Imperial Library.

WE learn from the *Times* that an "Exposition rétrospective d'Art religieux," containing upwards of 3,000 items, has been opened in the Town Hall at Lille. Twenty-five rooms are filled with illuminated missals and manuscripts, tapestry, embroidery, priestly ornaments in gold, silver, and enamels. The oldest and richest families and communities in the north of France, emulating the spirit which has collected the treasures now exhibited in Paris, in the rooms of the Corps Législatif, have lent their most valuable articles in ivory, wood, or marble, in pottery and terra cotta, church furniture, and devotional objects used in private life. A feature most appropriate in an age of pilgrimages and rambling devotions from across the narrow and the broad seas is a very complete display of ancient pilgrims' tokens and badges, in lateen, lead, and pewter.

THE well-known Italian painter, Arnold Corrodi, died at Rome on June 9, at the early age of twenty-eight.

DR. MORDTMANN, in a letter to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, strongly expresses his conviction of the genuineness of the Moabite antiquities, and of the integrity of their discoverers. He is of opinion

that M. Olermont-Ganneau has not exercised his usual circumspection in the manner in which he endeavoured to throw discredit on their presumed antiquity; and he mentions that although the result of the investigation lately instituted at Jerusalem to test the trustworthiness of M. Ganneau's informants has not yet been made public, the opinion is very prevalent in that city that the persons in question are wholly unworthy of credit, while the character of M. Shapira, through whom the Moabite antiquities passed into the possession of the German Government, is universally regarded as unimpeachable with regard to general integrity and trustworthiness.

THE German papers report that Herr Küsthardt has nearly completed the copy which he has been engaged to make for the South Kensington Museum of the great lantern of Hildesheim. This curious relic of early German art, of which Herr Küsthardt's copy is to be a perfect fac-simile, except only in regard to some injudicious restorations of 1818, dates from the eleventh century, having been begun under the celebrated Bishop Bernward, of Hildesheim, who died in 1022, and completed under Bishop Hezilo, whose episcopal rule ends with the close of 1079. The lantern, which is intended to symbolize the New Jerusalem, consists of a large gold ball, from which diverge four iron rods, which again ramify into the twelve branches that support the elaborately carved and massive crown intended to carry the lights. The main ornamentation of this expansive circle, which measures nearly 80 feet round, consists in twenty-four turrets, between which seventy-two sockets for candles are inserted into an iron framework, which shows the same design as the *à jour* fretwork of the turrets. As the "New Jerusalem lantern" of the cathedral at Hildesheim has long ranked as one of the most interesting of the numerous relics of mediæval German art, in which the ancient city of the Hildesheimer Prince-Bishops is so exceptionally rich, the authorities of South Kensington Museum must be commended for the commission which they have given to Herr Küsthardt, whose reputation has been established by the success with which he has made casts and copies of the ancient silver plate belonging to his native city.

THE STAGE.

THE COMEDY AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

THE career of Mr. Boucicault teaches a lesson to our younger writers, and to many a *dilettante* critic, if they will but choose to profit by it; and by nothing in the work of that career is the lesson more forcibly brought home than by the particular comedy now acted at the Vaudeville—*Old Heads and Young Hearts*—revived a few days since. Written in the days of the elegance of Vestris, the days when Planché made scholarly fun, and then accepted as a comedy of value, it is hardly likely that this early piece of Mr. Boucicault's could have been wanting in finish, in brightness, and at all events in the appearance of art. Nor is it indeed found, whatever may be its faults, to be wanting in these things. But Mr. Boucicault had the sagacity to understand that literary art is not sufficient for the Theatre. He saw that the acted drama, though it needs style, needs also emotions and situations. He set himself closely to observe what is effective for the stage, and to reproduce it with accuracy. He took care that his work was ornamental, but he took care first that it was closely knit. He planned a compact story, and sprinkled it over with epigrams. And if at last the epigrams did only look like Sheridan by candle-light, there was work beneath them which would stand the test of time and any light.

Not indeed that his construction was faultless; nor that his later work is equal to the promise of the beginning. Very likely he looked at things too much from the purely theatrical point of view, and instead of being, as Joubert said of himself, careless of fame so that he reached

perfection, he was probably careless of perfection so that he reached fame. The chief praise for him is that he was intensely practical and intensely sagacious. He was a gifted man, and like a far more gifted man—Charles Dickens—he was determined that his gifts should "tell." Where men as good as Schiller and as great as Goethe failed in their stage experience—and that Weimar history may be read with infinite profit—a man like Mr. Boucicault succeeded. Men of genius, but of genius not dramatic, produced their work to empty theatres or chilly audiences. A sagacious man of talent, unburdened by theories, produced stage work which, seen in the peculiar light of the theatre, delighted our fathers and delights us to-day.

One or two points in the play itself it may be well to notice, before we chat on the performance. Young Mr. Littleton Coke is a barrister of an age when fiction still represented it to be possible to impose upon a sharp public and sharper attorneys by carrying crammed-full bags with the busiest of airs. He means very well; he is given at last that money which is the final reward of merit; and he is paired off, too, before the curtain drops, with a young woman of much geniality of heart and uncommon freedom of manner. Why, then, in the first act, is his talk made so disagreeably cynical? The cynicism does not there appear to be superficial—does not appear to be assumed, because it is pleasanter to be witty than dull, and easier to be witty when one is malicious and incredulous than when one is quite amiable and confiding. That would have been entirely natural; but the deeply-rooted cynicism of Mr. Littleton Coke is a sacrifice of truth to effect. Then, again, the first act shows some weak construction—a device more plausible than probable. The well-disposed country brother—the coal-owner—is too easily allowed to deceive himself into the belief that the town brother—the barrister—is set against him, and will refuse his good offices; though the means, the mistakes, by which in the subsequent acts the estrangement is continued are adroitly and not unnaturally contrived. The characters themselves are individual, but not great. They are not quite new, yet are not too familiar. That is true of Boucicault which M. Legouvé lately said of Scribe—he was occupied not so much in creating characters as in tracing rôles for the stage.

Had it not been that one or two excellent actors had not had full time to learn their parts, and that accordingly in the first act of the play there was more prompting than is pleasant to listen to if one is near, though not enough to embarrass the action of the personages, the performance of Friday week would have been wholly satisfactory, and a result attained such as is rarely reached in a London theatre. As it was, the success was undoubted, and the reception enthusiastic. The two great parts are those of Tom Coke, the honest country fellow, who doesn't enjoy the fortune that was meant for his brother, and Lady Alice Hawthorn—a near relative of Lady Gay Spanker, of *London Assurance*—a young woman who flirts through four acts, and vows constancy at the end of the fifth. These parts were played by Mr. David James and Miss Amy Roselle—the lady being one of two additions (Mr. Righton was the other) which the shrewdness of the management had prompted them, in the absence of Miss Fawcitt and of any actor specially fitted for the part of the lawyer's servant, to secure for these performances. If one says that Mr. David James's acting was excellent, one may perhaps be allowed to add that its excellence was a surprise. He has played some parts indifferently, and many well, but nothing half so well; and moreover there had not previously been reason to suppose him master of so genuine, and reserved, and manly a pathos. He had learnt the northern accent very truly, and so was able to be rough enough to satisfy the popular superstition as to the appearance of a man who is to turn out full of self-sacrifice and honesty. The general conception was good; the detail was good; but that which was best was

the moment of declaration to Lady Alice of his love—the moment of his reception of her quick refusal of him. Here Mr. James's acting called forth applause which was entirely merited.

Lady Alice was played long ago by Madame Vestris. Doubtless it was a happiness to see her in the part. But there is good fortune also for those who never saw Madame Vestris—they are in a position to be satisfied with Miss Amy Roselle. There are certain drawbacks to Miss Roselle's talent. She is inclined to be imitative, and she has been much with Mrs. Kendal; and an impressionable artist—imitative now and then, whether she will or no—is more likely to catch Mrs. Kendal's mannerisms than Mrs. Kendal's artistic excellence. And to these Miss Roselle has added, quite unnecessarily, some little mannerism of her own. She has also one grave deficiency—she has not yet found any adequate expression for strong personal feeling. But the sort of courteous good feeling which comes naturally to us about the sorrows of other people who are near to us, she expresses with peculiar and exceptional truth, and there are one or two opportunities for observing this in the performance now under notice. Observe, too, how just before the close of the second act—a close, by-the-bye, made singularly effective through Mr. Charles Warner's gathering impatience, irritability, and rage—Miss Roselle indicates, at Littleton Coke's refusal to shake hands with his brother, a subdued disappointment, which is half the result of good feeling and half the result of good manners. That feeling, and all the lighter feelings that are akin to it—the emotions of the drawing-room as distinguished from the emotions of the heart—are expressed as well as it is possible to express them. In the third act, her bearing to Mr. Littleton Coke, with whom Lady Alice is secretly in love, is that of an already accomplished *comédienne*. The attitude is admirable, and so is the slight satire in the tone—"rather a warm correspondence—that of yours." And in the fourth act, where she surprises her lover with the information that the love-letter she has dictated to him is in truth destined for himself, there is on the part of the actress a most frank and merry abandonment to the requirements of the scene; and, as some of the foregoing remarks should have implied, the character is throughout presented by Miss Roselle with an elegance and distinction now rare upon the stage.

Mr. Charles Warner does his best with a character with which it is not easy to sympathise. You may forgive the man's extravagance and recklessness, but not so easily his bitterness and resentment. But Mr. Warner makes him endurable when it is possible to do so; and when he is unendurable, then, at all events, he is forcible. "Shall I ring for your dog, or my brother?" asks Littleton Coke once in the piece, and he asks that with just the irritation of a man who is wrought upon by disappointment, jealousy, and scorn. The moment is worthy of notice, along with that other which has been already particularised. The parts performed by Mr. Farren and Mr. Thomas Thorne are in a sense secondary, but they have the greatest influence, conscious and unconscious, on the fortunes of the young people in the piece. Mr. Farren represents the Reverend Jesse Rural, an aged country clergyman, whose heart is in the other world, but whose head is hardly in this. The benignity of the man, and his infirmity, his mental confusion, his peacefulness of heart—all are indicated by Mr. Farren with skill, and the appearance of the actor is only less picturesque than in his part in the *Road to Ruin*. Colonel Rocket is played by Mr. Thorne with much energy and effect. The part is something of a caricature; yet at the bottom of it there is the truth that gives it point. On the occasion of the benefit, when the piece was produced, Mr. Righton, of the Olympic, played Mr. Coke's faithful servant with great crispness, precision, and *bonhomie*. Lady Pom-pion's is a character to which Miss Larkin does much justice; and, coming to the representatives

of parts which are not of high importance, one may say that Mr. Horace Wigan is satisfactory as Lord Pompon; that Mr. Teesdale as Lord Charles Roebuck would be competent did he not threaten to make a mannerism of haste and jerkiness; and that Miss K. Bishop—a very orderly village schoolmistress in *Pride*—has not quite the spirit required for the due presentment of the adopted daughter of Colonel Rocket and the regiment.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

WE understand that the Lyceum company goes to the Standard Theatre very soon after the close of the season in Wellington Street; and that Mr. Irving will also act in the country during a part of the recess.

ON Saturday next, and for a short while afterwards, the Queen's Theatre will be tenanted by the Paris Vaudeville Company, headed by their great *comédienne*, Madame Fargueil. Sardou's *L'Oncle Sam* is the first piece to be played. It will be followed by *Les Pattes de Mouche*.

NEW YORK is promising itself that when Mr. Sothorn comes back to the Haymarket, at Christmas, it will have Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in his place.

THERE is a rumour to the effect that Mr. W. B. Donne is going to resign his office in the Lord Chamberlain's department.

MR. J. CLARKE has appeared at the Criterion Theatre in his favourite part in *The Bonnie Fishwife*.

MR. ARTHUR CECIL, whose first appearance at a regular theatre we spoke of two or three months ago, has passed over, at all events for the time, from the Globe to the Gaiety, and has appeared, along with Mr. Charles Mathews, in a little piece of Mr. Tom Taylor's, called *A Nice Firm*. This was last week, when we should have chronicled it, had space permitted; for the performance was a good one, showing the actor's advance in his art. Mr. Cecil is an exceedingly intelligent comedian, whose progress it will be interesting to note.

THERE have been three new pieces at the Gymnase Theatre, all of them of the kind known as "summer pieces"; that is, they are pieces which the manager couldn't surely count upon, but thought worthy of producing as an experiment. An experiment of this sort, when the work produced is that of inexperienced or unknown men, is sometimes successful and interesting. Every now and then a new talent comes to light by this means; but on the present occasion that has not been the case. *Dubois d'Australie* is a two-act comedy by M. Gustave Nadaud. He is a new writer, but the subject of his piece is old, though he has dressed it in very modern dialogue: in the Paris talk of eighteen seventy-four. Thirty years ago Alphonse Karr narrated the same history, a good deal better. *Le Chevalier Baptiste* is also the production of a new man, or of new men, rather; for though one man is generally enough to write a tragedy, it generally takes two, and sometimes three, to write a vaudeville. The two have not succeeded very well, though they have not absolutely failed. The third piece is the work of a middle-aged man who is a known author. M. Edouard Plouvier wrote a four-act drama for the Odéon, a couple of years ago. It was voted dull, and withdrawn after a few performances; but it was recognised that in it there were ideas which the author apparently had not had the skill to work out. He needed, it was said, a collaborator. And the new piece—a piece with only two characters—fails for the same reason. Without being commonplace, *La Dragonne* is not successful. The heroine is believed by the audience to be as faultless as she is first of all believed by the man whom she loves, and the revelation, when it comes, is a shock too unskillfully given. Moreover, the piece is not very well acted. No artist of high distinction appears in any of these summer productions.

THE judgment pronounced by M. Francisque Sarcey—the keenest and severest of French dramatic critics—on M. Paul Ferrier's *Tabarin* is in accord with a statement we made about the piece when the piece was yet in manuscript. It bears upon it too evidently the signs that it was written for one actor—that actor the elder Coquelin. Against this practice invading the Théâtre Français, M. Sarcey makes a well-merited protest. Let it be kept, he says, to the *théâtres de genre*. And it is bad enough there. In intellectual interest, if not in a material sense, our Haymarket—a house of comedy—has suffered severely by its one-part pieces written for Mr. Sothorn. To write a piece to display a given actor is no doubt, under many circumstances, a very excusable, sometimes even a very advantageous act; but to do so at a great theatre like the Français, existing as much for the encouragement of high dramatic literature as for the encouragement of good acting, is to reverse the natural order of things. M. Francisque Sarcey may well ask where this can stop, if once it is allowed in good earnest to begin. Where, he enquires, is the piece for Got?—the piece for Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt? "Let Meilhac and Halévy write a scene for Chaumont at the Varieties, or Noriac contrive a monologue for Judic at the Bouffes. But in the house of Molière pains should be taken to write a piece, actually a piece, and not a monologue broken only by occasional replies."

MR. HENRY IRVING took a benefit at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday, when he appeared, before a very large and very distinguished audience, in two characters: in that of Eugene Aram, in Mr. W. G. Wills's poetical setting of the famous story; and as Jeremy Diddler, in the farce of *Raising the Wind*—a farce written in days when farces were sometimes funny. The performance of *Eugene Aram* has been repeated during the week, and Mr. Irving, on his resumption of the character created by him on the stage a year or so ago, has done more than sustain the reputation then achieved in it. His performance is still beset with little faults—the mannerisms that are his own—but on the whole it is not too much to say that no performance of equal impressiveness has been seen of late in England. It is, if possible, even more remarkable than his acting in *The Bells*; for it is more delicately toned and measured, and it ends with a scene which calls for and does actually display greater intellectual and imaginative power than that which is shown in the famous last scene of the Erckmann-Chatrian's weird story; and it includes no such physical horror as that which, in the performance of *The Bells*, mars even while it impresses. Certainly the death scene is too long drawn out, and in the hands of any but an extraordinarily gifted actor, would become monotonous in its weary expression of helplessness and hopelessness, remorse and misery. The play about the cross verges on melodrama; or if it does not verge on melodrama, then it is a lesson too distinctly religious to be quite fitting for a theatre. But the scene affords many opportunities for the presentation of the strongest emotion, and hardly one of these does Mr. Irving let slip. More than this, he is singularly varied. Thought chases thought, and the track of each is seen upon his face. He is equally true and remarkable when expressing his penitence in solitude, and narrating to his betrothed, Ruth Meadows, the earlier incidents of the story of so many years ago, and passing on to a most vivid presentment of the passion and rage which led (in Mr. Wills's version) to the actual murder; and though easy, yet it is not more easy to Mr. Irving to put before his audience with curious vividness the one moment of the deed and the bodily horror of it, than to put before them the burden on the mind of its perpetual presence—the sense that this one act, though the work of a minute, is yet, in its far-reaching influences, an eternal thing. But perhaps it is in the second scene that the dramatic

effects produced by Mr. Irving are most immediately striking. It is the evening before Eugene Aram's marriage with the Vicar's daughter, and the quiet of the parsonage is interrupted by the advent of Houseman, the old accomplice of the schoolmaster—an accomplice who has come for money as the price of silence. Mr. Irving's bearing towards this man is conceived with high imaginative power, and carried out with such a command of the resources of intonation, gesture, and facial expression, as is but seldom to be seen. The sudden rage at the treachery of the accomplice, the quite murderous violence, the instant coolness, the calm defiance that follows on reflection—he, Eugene Aram, being safe now, behind his "rampart of love and honour"—this is all shown with the means of a great though uncertain artist: means which can be used, however, in this way at the dictation of genius alone. More might have been done, we think, to support the life-likeness of the performance. It is not well to trust so exclusively to the art and genius of one exceptional man. Miss Isabel Bateman, it is true, makes a graceful figure as Ruth Meadows, and Mr. Edgar's Richard Houseman is not without force; but even these performances are open to improvement—Mr. Edgar's force being a little too stagey, and Miss Bateman's delivery being, though always intelligent, a little too measured for simplicity—while the representatives of the Knaresborough Parson and his free-spoken gardener appear wanting in the power to present definite characters, which need not be the less finished because their words are few.

MUSIC.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

THE triennial commemoration of Handel by a performance of his music at the Crystal Palace on the grandest possible scale has now become an established institution. It is needless to do more than remind our readers that the idea of a great Handel Festival first suggested itself as the centenary of the composer's death approached. A preliminary festival was held at the Crystal Palace in 1857 as an experiment to determine its fitness as the place for the proposed celebration; and the success, though less in a musical point of view than some of the festivals which have since been held in the same building, was sufficient to establish beyond doubt that the great transept at Sydenham was, with such acoustic improvements as experience suggested, the place of all places for musical performances on the scale intended. The chief alterations made since the first festival have been the enclosing of the sides and back of the enormous orchestra, and the erection of the solid boarded roof, which largely prevents the dispersion of the sound so noticeable at the earlier performances.

The actual centenary festival took place in 1859, and it was attended with such success—upwards of 81,000 persons being present on the four days which it occupied—that it was resolved to establish a Triennial Festival of a similar character, a resolution which has since been regularly carried out. The one which was brought to a close yesterday is therefore the fifth of the series.

The number of performers at the Festival was advertised as four thousand. This, however, is a very rough estimate, as the list of the band and chorus given in the book of words includes 3,428 names, and if to these are added the soloists, with the most liberal allowance for "supers," the aggregate force can hardly exceed 3,500. For the sake of those who take an interest in statistics, we will add that the performers are thus distributed: 371 stringed and 84 wind and percussion instrument players, and 2,072 chorus singers; besides these there are the organist, the principal vocalists, &c., numbering in all, perhaps, some 30 more.

There is probably no music in existence except that of Handel which would bear advantageously

so enormous a reduplication of force as that to be found at one of these festivals. Indeed the experiment has been tried and (comparatively speaking) has failed. Mendelssohn's *Elijah* (with the exception of the same composer's *St. Paul*, the greatest oratorio since Handel) was performed some years since at the Crystal Palace on nearly, if not quite, the same scale as that of the triennial festivals; but the result showed that while in isolated portions magnificent results were realised, the work as a whole did not, and could not, produce such an effect, under such circumstances, as the *Messiah* or *Israel*. Nor is the cause far to seek. Undoubtedly the pieces which produce most effect at Sydenham are the choruses. And in his choruses Handel stands alone. We are not unmindful of the grandeur of Bach's *Passion*, of certain movements (such as the "Holy, holy") of the *Elijah*, or of Beethoven's great Mass in D; but for a certain solid and massive simplicity, Handel is, and probably always will remain, unrivalled. Beethoven is reported to have said of him, "Handel is the great master of all masters. Go, learn from him how with such simple means to produce such great effects." This is, in fact, the true secret of the stupendous effect of many of Handel's choruses. He lays on his colours, so to speak, with a thick brush. A few broad touches, and the whole picture is finished. We find hardly any of the delicacies and intricacies of modern instrumentation. Some of his grandest movements—such, for example, as "He trusted in God"—consist of nothing but a plain four-part harmony for voices and strings; but for this very reason they will bear the reduplication of the parts to any extent; for there is no fear of destroying the "balance of power," as would inevitably be the result were much of our modern music subjected to the same process.

It is not difficult to see why a "Handel" Festival should, from another point of view, be a greater success than a "Beethoven" or "Mendelssohn" Festival would be. Handel is pre-eminently a popular composer. His music can always be understood on a first hearing, while many of Mendelssohn's works, and still more of Beethoven's, require a certain amount of musical education for their proper appreciation. Moreover, Handel's music is much better known. It would be difficult to find an educated person in this country who never heard of the *Messiah*, while there are probably hundreds who know nothing about *Elijah* or the *Mount of Olives*.

With respect to the programmes it may be said that the festivals pass and resemble one another. Each begins with a full public rehearsal; the first and third days are invariably devoted respectively to the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*; and the second day to a miscellaneous selection. Thus, on only one of the three days of the festival is any variety to be looked for. While this may be regretted, it can hardly be wondered at. No festival would be considered complete without Handel's *chef d'œuvre*, the *Messiah*; while the *Israel in Egypt*, being beyond all comparison his greatest choral work, is especially adapted for performance under such circumstances.

The full rehearsal, which took place yesterday week, commenced with the "Hallelujah" and "Amen" choruses from the *Messiah*, comprised nearly the whole of the Selection, and concluded with several numbers from the *Israel*. Being merely a rehearsal, a detailed criticism would be out of place. We shall therefore reserve any remarks upon the Selection till we come to speak of the Wednesday's performance, merely saying here that in several of the less familiar choruses the voices showed a painful uncertainty in their "attack," many of the points being most feebly taken up. On the other hand, some of the better-known movements were most effectively given. The greater number of the principal vocalists announced to perform at the festival took part in the rehearsal.

The festival itself began on Monday with the

Messiah. As usual on these occasions, the National Anthem, in Sir Michael Costa's effective arrangement, preceded the oratorio. It is next to impossible to write anything about Handel's masterpiece which has not been said scores of times before; but there are one or two points connected with such a performance which may be worth mentioning. And, first, as to the tone. It is a very common idea among those who have never heard a Handel Festival, that so many voices and instruments must "make a most tremendous noise." Nothing can be more erroneous. The mere noise in the enormous area of the Crystal Palace is far less than we have often felt it in Exeter Hall; but on the other hand the quality of tone resulting from the immense reduplication of parts is rich, full, and sonorous to an extent to be heard nowhere else. Most people know that if twenty violinists play a passage in unison, the effect, though each one separately may be but a very indifferent performer, is almost sure to be good; and at these festivals we have the same principle carried out to its extreme limit. Voices or instruments, by themselves harsh or poor in tone, become blended with the general mass, and aid in producing an ensemble which is unique.

Another point suggested by the performance on Monday is the comparative ineffectiveness of the solo voices in so vast a space. True, the magnificent organ of Mdle. Titiens rang through the central transept like the sound of a trumpet; but this was the exception; and although the directors of the Crystal Palace have done all that is possible towards rendering it acoustically perfect, and the press gallery is undoubtedly the best place for hearing in the whole building, many of the softer parts of the songs were, if not altogether lost, at least but indistinctly heard there.

Mr. Sims Reeves's absence on Monday, though not surprising to those who knew how much he had lately been out of health, was none the less a cause of great regret. Among living tenors he undoubtedly holds the first place as a Handelian singer, and Mr. Vernon Rigby, who took his place, though a most efficient substitute, could hardly make us forget his absence.

Taking it as a whole, the performance of the *Messiah* was one of the finest within our recollection. It was not free from occasional slips, as for instance in the chorus "And he shall purify," where the basses were in one place very uncertain about their key. On the other hand, some of the choruses, such as "For unto us," "Lift up your heads," and the "Hallelujah," were given with an effect and precision which were quite overpowering.

The soprano solos were divided between Mdle. Titiens and Mdme. Sinico, the former taking the first part, and the latter the second and third of the work. Mdle. Titiens' greatest success was made in the air "Rejoice greatly;" in "Come unto him" she was less happy, as she spoilt it close by a very tasteless *cadenza*, introducing the high B flat—a note her possession of which no one probably doubted, but which certainly no one wished proved in that place. We were the more surprised at its bad taste, as Mdle. Titiens is beyond all doubt a great artist. Mdme. Sinico's two songs, "How beautiful are the feet," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," were both exceedingly well given. Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini gave an admirable reading of the alto solos in the first part, her rendering of the difficult air "But who may abide" calling for especial notice; she was replaced in the latter half of the oratorio by Mdme. Patey, whose chaste and tasteful singing of "He was despised" should not pass without mention.

With the exception of two short recitatives in the second part, and the tenor parts in the quartets in the third part, which were carefully sung by Mr. Kerr Gedge, the whole of the tenor music (in the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves already referred to) fell into the hands of Mr. Vernon Rigby. His light voice failed at times to make

itself heard at a distance; but he sang extremely well, the "Passion" music being given with much taste, and the trying air, "Thou shalt break them," being declaimed with great fire. It is to be regretted that at the close of this song Mr. Rigby, following Mr. Reeves's example, brought in his "high A." Of course the note brings down tremendous applause; but it is none the less inartistic.

The bass music could not possibly have been in better hands than those of Signor Agnesi (for the first part) and Mr. Santley (for the second and third). Two more finished singers are not at present before the public. We can only mention the Signor's fine reading of "The people that walked in darkness," and Mr. Santley's rendering of "Why do the nations" and "The trumpet shall sound," in the latter of which Mr. Harper's trumpet *obbligato* was an important feature.

In speaking of the "Selection" given on Wednesday, it is our duty, in the first place, to enter the strongest possible protest against Sir Michael Costa's arbitrary and preposterous tampering in several places with Handel's text. We are not referring here at all to the additional accompaniments, which are not only a necessity for such a performance, but which, in the present instance, are cleverly and frequently very judiciously written. We speak of actual alterations of passages, and additions in some cases of whole bars to Handel's music. The very first piece in Wednesday's programme—the overture to the *Occasional Oratorio*—gave an instance of this. In the march with which it concludes, the conductor not only altered the rhythm in the latter half, but, with a bad taste which is almost inconceivable, positively added three chords of his own at the end! Had he designedly set himself to try how far it was possible to vulgarise and degrade a noble piece of music, he could hardly have been more completely successful. It is unpleasant to have to speak so strongly; but there are occasions when to be silent is to become a *particeps criminis*; and we should be failing in our duty both towards our readers and towards our art did we not condemn in the most unqualified language such musical vandalism. The great influence of Sir Michael Costa in this country, and the weight of his authority, only render the protest the more needful.

To the *Occasional* overture, a considerable portion of which, owing to the alterations made in it, was a mere burlesque, succeeded a selection from *Saul*. This included the fine opening chorus, "How excellent thy name, O Lord;" the song "O Lord, whose mercies numberless," charmingly sung by Madame Trebelli-Bettini; the well-known "Envy, eldest born of hell"—one of the finest examples of the employment of a "ground bass" to be found in music; the "Dead March," which was spoilt, as far as it was possible to spoil it, by the conductor's arbitrary alterations of Handel's drum parts, and the splendid final chorus, "Gird on thy sword." All these pieces were exceedingly well given, the last-named showing a marked improvement on the performance at the rehearsal, when it was very unsteady. After Mr. Santley had sung "How willing my paternal love," from *Samson*, a most magnificent performance of the chorus "When his loud voice," from *Jephtha*, succeeded. The next item in the programme was the "Deeper and deeper still" and "Waft her, angels," from the same oratorio, for which Mr. Sims Reeves was announced. Considerable doubt was, however, felt about his appearance, and when he ascended the orchestra his reception was such as very seldom falls to the lot of a public performer. Though his voice was at times evidently not entirely under his control, he has perhaps never given a grander reading of this great scene than on this occasion. Mdle. Titiens should receive special thanks for her selection of the fine song from *Susanna*, "If guiltless blood be your intent." She might have chosen many pieces more showy; but, like a true artist, she preferred bringing forward Handel to bringing forward her-

self. The splendid chorus from the same oratorio, "Righteous heaven beholds their guilt" was another great treat, though it hardly went so steadily as some of the more familiar pieces. Mme. Trebelli-Bettini then sang "Lord, to thee each night and day," from *Theodora*; and the massive chorus "Glory be to the Father," from the Utrecht *Jubilate*, concluded the first part, which, it should be mentioned, consisted entirely of sacred music.

Space will only allow a brief mention of the second (secular) part of the selection. It opened with the fourth Organ Concerto, the organ part being in the hands of Mr. Best, than whom no finer executant on his instrument could be named. The performance, however, was on the whole disappointing, partly because the organ and orchestra were in places not perfectly together, and partly because Mr. Best, being unable to hear properly the effect he was producing, was not always happy in his choice of stops. He certainly can have had no idea how harsh and "screamy" some of his combinations sounded at a distance, or he would most assuredly have modified them. In saying this, not the slightest reflection on Mr. Best is intended; for it was simply impossible for him to hear the organ as we heard it. His execution, it need hardly be added, was as masterly as ever.

The choruses in the second part were "O the pleasures of the plains," from *Acis and Galatea*, the opening of which was extraordinarily confused. "Wretched lovers," from the same work (to which Sir Michael Costa prefixed a prelude of several bars for the orchestra!); two choruses, "From Harmony," and "The trumpet's loud clangour" from *Dryden's Ode*; "The many read the skies," from *Alexander's Feast*; and, for a finale, the ever-popular "See the conquering hero." Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington sang "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir;" Mlle. Titiens gave the fine song "Ah, mio cor!" from *Alcina*; Mr. E. Lloyd sang with exquisite taste and finish "Love in her eyes sits playing," from *Acis*; Mr. Cummings gave with good effect "Where'er you walk," from *Semele*; Mr. Vernon Rigby declaimed the solo part in "The trumpet's loud clangour" with great force and spirit; and Mr. Santley sang his favourite "O ruddier than the cherry"—a masterly performance, the close of which was spoilt by the introduction, in very doubtful taste, of his "high G." It will be seen that the solo music needs but little comment. The whole selection, though somewhat too long, was highly enjoyable.

Of yesterday's performance of *Irael* the notice must be deferred till next week.

EBENEZER PROUT.

We call attention to the announcement of Mr. Sims Reeves's Benefit Concert at the Albert Hall, which is to take place on Monday evening, feeling sure that all true lovers of music will be glad to avail themselves, if possible, of the opportunity of expressing their sympathy with one of our greatest and most genuine artists, whom indisposition has so long disabled from appearing in public.

At the unveiling of the statue of Hans Sachs at Nuremberg, which takes place (we believe) this week—the German papers do not give the exact date—among other festivities, two dramatic pieces by the old Meistersinger are to be performed.

On the occasion of Max Bruch's recent visit to Düsseldorf a grand concert was arranged in his honour, at which not only the choral societies of that town, but also choirs from Elberfeld, Barmen, Crefeld, and Neuss took part. The performers numbered some 500 voices, with a proportionately numerous orchestra, and Herr Bruch conducted. The programme consisted chiefly of his own compositions, including a Romance for violin, the "Schön Ellen," a scene from *Odysseus*, the "Frithjof-Sage," and the "Dithyrambe." Brahms's "Rhapsodie," and compositions by Gluck and Mozart were also given.

This first performance at Weimar of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* took place on the 14th inst. The parts of Tristan and Isolde were filled respectively by Herr Vogl and his wife, whose interpretation of the excessively difficult music is spoken of in terms of the highest praise. Weimar now shares with Munich the honour of alone having ventured to produce this remarkable work.

It is stated that Wagner has invited Fräulein Oppenheim, of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, and Frau Blume-Santer to take part in his "Nibelungen" performance at Bayreuth.

It is gratifying to note the increasing popularity of really good music in France. At a recent concert in Caen, given by the Société des Beaux-arts, the programme included Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, a symphony by Haydn, the overtures to *Guillaume Tell* and *Masaniello*, the larghetto from Mozart's Clarinet quintet, movements from Beethoven's Septet, and a selection from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music.

THÉODORE THOMAS, the well-known orchestral conductor at New York, has lately received a pleasing testimonial from his admirers. At one of his symphony concerts, at the Steinway Hall, he was presented, during a pause in the performance, with an elegant silver casket, containing a cheque for 3,500 dollars.

FROM a letter from Dr. Hanslick, of Vienna, which a townsman of his now in this country has just received, we learn with regret that this excellent critic has been for some time seriously ill, and is still unable to fulfil the duties of the post he discharges with such marked ability. Dr. Hanslick is at present staying near Klosterneuburg, on the Danube, and will shortly go to a watering-place, where it is to be hoped he will perfectly recover his health.

We regret to learn that the great bell for the cathedral of Cologne, in the casting and construction of which so much labour and skill had been expended, has been found so imperfect that the musical commission appointed to decide upon its merits have found it necessary, after their last and decisive test, to condemn it *in toto*. It was hoped that by repolishing certain portions of the interior the tone might be brought to the required note of C, from which it deviated very slightly, although quite appreciably; but the alterations, instead of bringing about the required result, have produced different inharmonious tones, and have, moreover, made apparent three distinct layers in the entire mass. The bell will, therefore, forthwith be broken up, and recast in the foundry of the original constructor, Herr Hamm, of Frankenthal.

POSTSCRIPT.

A REUTER'S telegram states that Professor Gneist will leave in about a week for Washington, for the purpose of making researches in the State archives for a history of the Constitution of the American Union. During his stay in Washington he will be the guest of President Grant.

THE *Athenaeum* announces the death of Mr. Howard Staunton, the distinguished Shaksperian scholar, which occurred on Monday last.

THE *Times* is informed that M. Rochefort is preparing an account of events dating from the discontinuance of *La Lanterne*, with especial reference to their bearing upon the present political situation in France.

THE *Levant Herald* learns that Dr. Dethier, director of the Imperial Museum, who has recently returned from Greece, has been commissioned by the Porte to proceed to the Dardanelles for the purpose of visiting and inspecting the excavations made by Dr. Schliemann at Hisarlik. Meanwhile, the Government has directed a post of zaptiehs to be stationed on the spot in order to prevent any clandestine abstraction of antiquities and any further excavations without special permission of the authorities.

As a natural sequence to the late war, we find everywhere in Germany huge figures of Germania, with laurel crown and other insignia of victory, hoisted upon commemorative pedestals. So great indeed seems to be the demand for these national memorials, that the Fatherland finds it difficult to get artists competent to carry out its exultant ideas.

After two unsatisfactory competitions, the design of Professor Johannes Schilling, of Dresden, has at last been chosen, *faute de mieux* it would almost seem, for a national monument in the Niederwald. This monument, it is stated, is not intended merely as a memorial of the past war, but is meant to be a symbol in future ages of the national unity of Germany. No one less than a German Michael Angelo could hope to achieve such ambitious aims, and we doubt whether Germany has a Michael Angelo just now to perpetuate her greatness in marble and bronze. The only idea of German sculptors seems to be to make their figures of Germania bigger and bigger, as occasion requires.

Professor Schilling's Germania is a giantess forty feet in height. At the base of the pedestal on which she stands are groups representing the Rhine and the Moselle. Father Rhine is a mediaeval giant leaning against the conventional urn, and offering to the water-nymph who does duty for the Moselle, a watch-horn, as symbol of military service. Higher up on the four sides are tablets with figures of life-size or nearly, carved in such high relief that some of them are quite detached from the background. This mode of relief is effective enough in smaller subjects; we have a splendid example of it in Ghiberti's celebrated gates for instance; but such a picturesque style of sculpture does not seem appropriate on so large a scale as this. It is perhaps unfair to judge of the work before it is carried out, and at present it is only the design for it, now exhibiting in the Royal Art Academy of Berlin, that can be studied; but a nation cannot be too careful lest it saddle future generations with a national monument which, however well it may satisfy national pride, may yet be unsatisfactory as a work of art.

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NOTICE.—The Number of the ACADEMY for July 4 will contain the Title-page and Index to Volume V.